

WFB on SST
— SEE PAGE 50

NATIONAL REVIEW

CARE BOOTH LUCE

**A CATHOLIC LOOKS AT
ABORTION AND THE
PLURALIST SOCIETY**

Here is the mirror to the virtues and vices of Victorian England



**BOUND IN EUROPE
IN OLD WORLD STYLE**

Here's elegance of yesteryear: delicately tooled gold stamped bindings that look and feel like kid; decorated endpapers; sewn-in book-mark; original Cruikshank, 'Phiz' and Tenniel engravings—good taste in decorating as well as in literature.



**THE COMPLETE WORKS OF
DICKENS**

Accept Volume 1 of the
SUMPTUOUS CENTENNIAL EDITION

FREE
David Copperfield

Out of the pages of Dickens walk some of the most unforgettable characters that ever lived . . . villains and saints, rogues and innocents, lovers and ruffians — a whole society who lived and struggled between heaven and hell!

To introduce you to the many warm and wonderful personalities whom you will meet in **THE COMPLETE WORKS OF DICKENS**, we should like to send you, to read and enjoy at your leisure, a magnificently bound two-volume set of **DAVID COPPERFIELD**.

These books are so beautiful, so splendidly bound, and make such fascinating reading, that we think once you have seen them, held them in your hands, felt the luxury of their pages and thrilled to the masterful narrative, you will also want to collect every companion volume in the great new **HERON BOOKS CENTENNIAL EDITION OF THE COMPLETE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS**.

We should like to send you this set at our risk, so that you can see for yourself how extraordinary the new Centennial Edition really is. Examine the volumes' elegant bindings, magnificent illustrations, read them from cover to cover.

DAVID COPPERFIELD is the heart-wrenching story of a motherless child in Victorian Eng-

land. As you read it you will often be close to tears—yet you will always remember the book as one of the happiest reading experiences you have ever had. For this is one of those rare books which will live inside you, become a part of you, and never be forgotten.

In the works of Dickens the whole gamut of human emotions comes to life. *Oliver Twist*, *The Pickwick Papers*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Great Expectations*, *A Tale of Two Cities* . . . and all the other immortal masterpieces, will now be published in this beautiful Centennial Edition—to thrill you and your family for generations to come, to be proudly displayed in your home as a family heirloom.

Amazing savings to *Charter Subscribers*. You may now examine these heirloom volumes and own them under almost unbelievably advantageous conditions.

Mail the Reservation Card or coupon and we will send you at once your two-volume set of **DAVID COPPERFIELD**. After you've had the books for ten days, to enjoy them thor-

oughly and to appreciate their handsomely tooled, gold-stamped bindings, you may return them if you wish without cost or obligation. Or, if you are as thrilled as we think you will be and would like to collect the complete Dickens set, you may keep the first volume of **DAVID COPPERFIELD** free and for the second volume we'll ask you to pay only the low subscriber's price of \$3.89 plus postage and handling. We will then send you an additional volume each month thereafter, until you decide that your collection of **THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS** is complete—and regardless of future increases in paper costs or printing, you will only be asked to pay the same low subscription price for each volume.

It is obvious that no one could afford to maintain such a generous offer for very long. We expect the edition to be over-subscribed very quickly indeed. Don't risk disappointment, send in your Free Reservation Card or the coupon below today.

Extra Bonus to Dickens Subscribers



**Macaulay's
History of England**

**4 DELUXE-BOUND
VOLUMES ONLY \$2⁹⁵**

Yes, \$2.95 for all 4—not for each one!

"Whoever says that history cannot be exciting has never read Lord Macaulay." What more fitting companion set of books could we offer to celebrate the Centennial Edition of England's greatest

novelist than this, the most celebrated history of England? As a Dickens subscriber, you may now make this lavish set yours at a price that hardly covers its printing cost.

EXAMINE IT FOR 10 DAYS FREE. Send in the Free Reservation Coupon now — there is no purchase obligation.

HERON BOOKS • 250 W. 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019

TO: HERON BOOKS, 250 West 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019

DA-102

Please send me, without purchase obligation, the 2 volumes of **DAVID COPPERFIELD**, together with the complete set of Macaulay's **HISTORY OF ENGLAND**, and reserve a subscription for me for the Dickens Centennial Edition.

If am not delighted with these splendid books, I will simply return them within 10 days. My reservation will be cancelled and I'll owe you nothing. Otherwise I may keep the first volume of **DAVID COPPERFIELD** free and you may bill me, for the second volume, only the low subscriber's price of \$3.89 plus postage and handling. For the 4 Macaulay volumes I need pay only the special offer price of \$2.95 plus postage and handling for the set—worth \$9.95 even in an ordinary binding. Then, until I decide that my collection is complete, you will send me each month at the same low subscriber's price, another magnificent volume of the Dickens Centennial Edition, exquisitely bound to match my **DAVID COPPERFIELD** volumes. I may terminate my subscription whenever I decide my collection is complete.

☐ **FREE COMMEMORATIVE MEDAL.** Check here if you are responding in 5 days and we will reward your promptness with this beautiful bronze-finished Dickens Centennial Medal—yours to keep even if you return your books.



Signature _____

Name (Please Print) _____

City _____

Address _____

State _____ Zip _____

FOR CANADA: Return coupon to us. Special arrangements for servicing Canadian subscribers have been made.

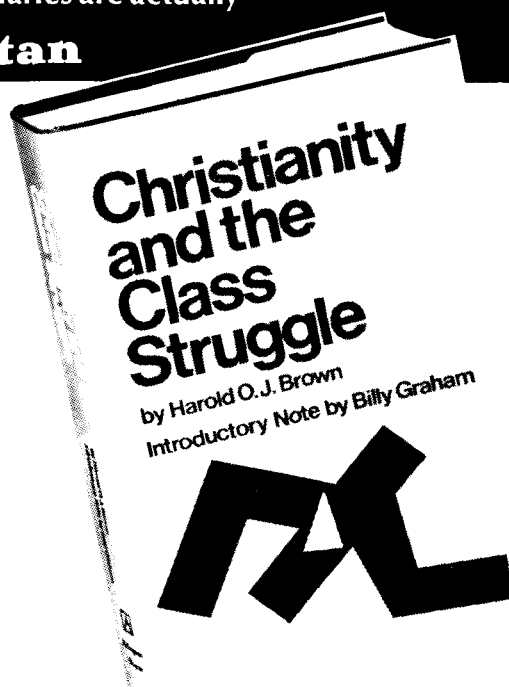
A brilliant young minister shows how the revolutionaries are actually
doing the work of Satan

Christianity AND THE Class Struggle

By Harold O. J. Brown. Introductory Note by Dr. Billy Graham.

Foreword ■ Index ■ Notes

A Selection Of The Conservative Book Club



"IF THE TRUMPET give an uncertain sound," asks St. Paul in I Corinthians 14:8, "who shall prepare himself to the battle?" Harold Brown's blunt answer today is that "so much of official Christendom and of Christian officialdom gives forth uncertain sounds that very few prepare themselves for the battle."

But battle we must, affirms this brilliant young Congregationalist minister. "Struggle is familiar to human history, and class struggle on a widespread basis has been known before. But at no time in human history has it been more widespread or blinder than at our own particular historical moment."

At a time when many Christian voices are urging the ancient faith to enlist in the class struggle, Dr. Brown speaks out eloquently for traditional Christianity. In the words of Dr. Billy Graham, "the main body of this work is challenging to the mind and refreshing to the spirit."

Dr. Brown probes the urgent issues now facing Christians—and all men of good will:

- The sheer horror of Christians who "dialogue" with Marxists—while ministers and priests are being tortured in Communist hellholes.
- Why class distinctions in a Christian society are *moral*.
- The sexual anarchy of the New Left.
- How Satan uses the class struggle to gain his own ends.
- How both Old and New Testaments guarantee the absolute right to private property.
- Unreported race conflicts: how they destroy our schools.
- "New" morality -- or old immorality?
- The man who coined "Better Red than dead." Some Christians acclaim him a "champion of peace."

- Black plans to radicalize the Negro middle class.
- How "secular theologians" pervert the Word of God.
- Welfare recipients cry out because they can't have material goods they see on their television sets.
- The apostasy of the World Council of Churches.
- Professor of theology hails a new Communist city—without churches—as a "sign of the Kingdom."
- Why Christ's commandments of love forbid a Christian from yielding to black blackmail. Why liberal churchmen are suckers for James Forman and his Black Manifesto. The white denomination that applauded the black threat to "make war on white Christian churches."
- Repression from the Right: a danger?
- Atheist bishops, and the people who protect them.

RISK-FREE EXAMINATION

Christianity and the Class Struggle would qualify as a major new book if it were merely an *impersonal* analysis. But it is much more. It is the work of a *committed* Christian who bears witness to the serious (but not insurmountable) problems of a besieged church and society. The answers he offers are not easy, not pat, not likely to ring pleasant to the modern ear. But we can see in our churches, in our society, in the shattered lives around us: the easy, pleasant answers have failed.

May we send you a copy of *Christianity and the Class Struggle* for your risk-free inspection? If not well pleased with it, you may return the book within 30 days of delivery for a refund in full—plus extra money to cover the cost of return postage. Mail coupon with \$7 to your bookseller or: Arlington House, 81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, New York 10801.

HOW TO GET THIS BOOK

FREE

Would you prefer us to send you this book free? You can get a free copy by joining Arlington House's affiliated company, the Conservative Book Club—the only book club expressly for political conservatives. Your only obligation as a member is to accept 3 books from among the 100 to be offered by the Club over the next 15 months, after which you may resign at any time. Membership entitles you to a free subscription to the monthly Club Bulletin, plus the opportunity to buy any Club book at 20% to 75% off retail price plus shipping. If you accept the monthly Selection, no need to do anything. It is shipped automatically and the Club charges your account. (There are never any finance or interest charges added to your account—and you are serviced by PEOPLE, not computers.) If you don't want the monthly Selection, merely let the Club know on the handy form always provided. If you prefer this plan, please check the appropriate box in coupon and mail today.

To your bookseller or

 ARLINGTON HOUSE	
PUBLISHERS FOR THE SILENT MAJORITY	
81 Centre Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y. 10801	
Gentlemen: Please send, postpaid, <i>Christianity and the Class Struggle</i> by Harold O. J. Brown. My payment of \$7 is enclosed. If not pleased, I may return book within 30 days for full refund plus extra cash to cover my return postage.	
NR 425	
Name _____	
Address _____	
City _____	
State _____	Zip _____
☐ Send <i>Christianity and the Class Struggle</i> free and enroll me in the Conservative Book Club. I agree to buy 3 Club Selections in the next 15 months, at 20% to 75% discounts.	

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR. *Editor*WILLIAM A. RUSHER *Publisher**Editors*

JAMES BURNHAM

JEFFREY HART

FRANK S. MEYER

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY *Managing Editor*C. H. SIMONDS *Assistant Managing Editor*JAMES P. MCFADDEN *Assistant Publisher*FRANCES BRONSON *Executive Secretary**Contributing Editors*

GUY DAVENPORT □ W. H. VON DREELE

M. STANTON EVANS □ NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

FRANCIS RUSSELL □ WILL HERBERG

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Associates

JOHN R. COYNE JR. □ JANE B. SMITH

TIMOTHY J. WHEELER □ MABEL WOOD

Assistant Editors

LINDA BRIDGES □ KEVIN LYNCH

PATRICIA C. SIMONDS

AGATHA SCHMIDT *Research Director*ROBIN WU *Librarian*JAMES W. O'BRYAN *Art Director*BARBARA A. DEVLIN *Production Editor*EDWARD A. CAPANO *Promotion Manager*H. HALDANE HILL *Circulation Manager*PATRICK D. MAINES *Advertising Director**Contributors*

C. D. BATCHELOR □ RUTH BERENSON

COLM BROGAN □ DAVID BRUDNOY

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

A. LAWRENCE CHICKERING

RICHARD CORLISS □ RICHMOND CRINKLEY

JOAN DIDION □ ANTHONY R. DOLAN

CHARLES FOLEY □ NEAL FREEMAN

MAX GELTMAN □ HENRY HAZLITT

SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

SIR ARNOLD LUNN □ VINCENT MILLER

GERHART NIEMEYER □ STEFAN T. POSSONY

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

MORRIE RYSKING □ WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

TIBOR SZAMUELY □ ALEC WAUGH

AUBERON WAUGH □ PETER P. WITONSKI

FREDERICK D. WILHELMSSEN

*Foreign Contributors*ANTHONY LEJEUNE *London*E. V. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN *Munich*ELSPETH HUXLEY *African Affairs*TAKI THEODORACOPULOS *Athens*DONALD COXE *Guelph, Ontario*

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. and at additional mailing offices. © National Review, Inc. 1971.



Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc., to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Manager, NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

RATES: \$20.00 a year (\$12.00 for the 44-page issues, and \$8.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add \$1.00 for Canada, \$2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope, is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

16 The Week



ARTICLES

27 Two Books on Abortion by *Clare Boothe Luce*

Mrs. Luce faults a recent volume because "the motivations, psychology and emotions of women who face the trauma of induced abortion are given little attention. . . . The question here is not of 'taking the side of women,' but of taking the woman's side of the abortion question into consideration." That Mrs. Luce does with a passion, and comes to some interesting conclusions in the process—as might be expected of a lady who was into Women's Lib when its current exponents were playing with dolls; and who liberated herself enough to become a successful playwright, Ambassador to Italy and more (for details, see the biography by Stephen Shadegg, just published).

34 George Tells It to Marvin by *R. H. Smith*

Mr. Smith is a career naval officer (*Captain Smith*, they call him out at Pearl Harbor), Annapolis graduate and father of four. This engaging account of a minor skirmish at Generation Gap is his first article for NATIONAL REVIEW.

DEPARTMENTS

26 The Protracted Conflict by *James Burnham*

That business in Poland? Unimportant, really, say "the experts," can't happen again, Communism is here to stay, time we "faced reality." Humbug, says Mr. Burnham.

35 For Now by *C. H. Simonds*

We inaugurate the new year with a new column, whose author writes: "For Now" will be about what's happening, and isn't, among Our Kids—who, remember, are trying to tell us something but who, thanks principally to us, don't spick so good Henglitch. At 28, I stand astraddle between the Now Generation and the Then Generation—uncomfortable at times, but the view is interesting, especially when the epiphanies are in bloom."

36 From the Academy by *Russell Kirk*

More about the sensitivity trainers, of whom beware.

37 Delectations by *Nika Standen Hazelton*

Of giant cabbages, *bouchée de porc en croûte à l'Anglaise*, how to clean your diamonds, and a really fun contest to enter.

50 On the Right by *Wm. F. Buckley Jr.*

10 For the Record 12 Letters 52 Trans-O-Gram

38 BOOKS—ARTS—MANNERS

Forgive him his sins—Norman Mailer has written *the* book on America's moon landing, says David Brudnoy □ Theodore Sturgeon begins his tenth year as our regular reviewer of science fiction by enjoying a lady fabulist and five authors in search of an ending □ If only Lewis Mumford could see the nose on his own face, mourns Hiram Caton □ Russell Kirk finds Max Rafferty's new book commonsensical □ Cuba? A citadel of white racism, according to a new book reviewed by Lewis Stearns □ Some apostles of relevancy in the theater have just discovered Henry David Thoreau, to the intense regret of Richmond Crinkley.

**Barbers talk a lot.
Except when they
find an electric
shaver that outshaves
a hand-honed
straight razor.**

**Then they keep it
to themselves. Until now!**



A barber gets \$1.50 plus tip for a shave with his electric razor. For years he's kept the brand name hidden with adhesive tape.

Can you rightly blame him? For this professional instrument outshaves his hand-honed straight razor! You won't find it in stores. It's been a secret weapon of master barbers for years. It delivers a barber-close shave that lasts all day long. It does it faster and with less chance of irritation than a straight razor. That's why barbers use it on the toughest beards and the most sensitive skin.

Now the secret is out. A blabbermouthed barber talked. We have it. The Oster Professional Electric Shaver.

**Contoured Head—
Like a Barber's Fingers**

The design is a barber's dream. Technically, the shaving head design is called a "double arch contour," because it sets up whiskers just like a barber does with his fingers. It means you get every whisker at one pass—as clean as if you had drawn a hand-honed, surgically sharp, straight razor over your face.

**4,000 Comb Traps—
152 Surgical Steel Edges**

Four thousand comb-like perforations trap each whisker right at the skin line. Powerful 120-volt, 60-cycle motor drives the 152 surgical-sharp cutting edges to make the toughest beard disappear magically—without the slightest irritation to even the most sensitive skin.

**So Powerful,
Whiskers Turn to Dust!**

Open an ordinary electric shaver and you'll find bits and pieces of whisker. That's because these run-of-the-mill shavers hack and chop your beard. But the Oster Professional Electric Shaver operates at nearly twice the speed—on ordinary household AC current—and actually pulverizes whiskers into fine microscopic dust.

**Separate Trimmer
Other Great Features**

No expense was spared to make the Oster Professional Shaver to rigid, master-barber specifications. Motor-driven trimmer operates independently to trim moustaches and sideburns,

straight and neat for today's new "styled" look. The high-impact plastic housing is sculpted to fit your hand effortlessly. Removable stainless steel head rinses clean under running water. On-off switch, plus separate switch to operate trimmer. The specially counter-balanced drive gives you a smooth, vibration-free shave, and won't cause radio or TV interference.

It all adds up to an amazing shaving experience. An electric shaver that makes your face come cleaner than a hand-honed surgical steel barber's straight razor — and in a lot less time.

Expecting a hefty price tag? Forget it! The Oster Professional Shaver was designed for barbers who don't go for expensive, unneeded frills. The price is only \$22.98, complete with carrying case — containing separate cord storage, cleaning brush and head cover.

10-DAY FREE TRIAL!

Treat your face to the Oster Professional Shaver for 10 days — 10 days of the smoothest, fastest, closest, most irritation-free shaving you've ever enjoyed . . . either blade or electric! Then, if not completely satisfied, return for a full refund.

**BUY WITH CONFIDENCE
MAIL NO-RISK COUPON NOW!**

JAY NORRIS CORP.

31 Hanse Ave., Dept. WW-4, Freeport, N.Y. 11520

Show me! I'd like to treat my face to the Oster Professional Electric Shaver's barber-close shaves! If it doesn't deliver smoother, faster, closer, more irritation-free shaves than I've ever enjoyed, I understand that I can return my shaver in 10 days for full refund or cancellation of charges. (22.98, plus \$1.00 postage and handling—total: \$23.98.) N.Y. residents add sales tax.

Enclosed is ☐ check ☐ money order

Charge my

☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge ☐ Diners Club

Account No.

Signature

Name
(Please Print)

Address

City

State Zip

JAY NORRIS CORP.

31 Hanse Ave., Dept. WW-4, Freeport, N.Y. 11520

Free... ANY 3 STEREO LP's or WITH ABSOLUTELY NO OBLIGATION



42745 WOODSTOCK—
Soundtrack (3 records)
Coti LP



65784 MELANIE—
Leftover Wine
Budda LP, 8TR, CASS



67509 GRASSROOTS
More Golden Grass
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



33469 BEST OF BUF
FALO SPRINGFIELD
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS



33088 MOZART—
Piano Quartets
Vangu LP



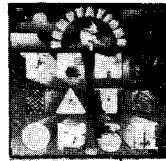
30628 JACKSON 5
Third Album
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS



67511 STEPPENWOLF
—7
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



44753 TRAFFIC—John
Barleycorn Must Die
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS



30622 TEMPTATIONS
Greatest Hits, Vol. 2
Gordy LP, 8TR, CASS



12286 DUSCHENES
RECORDER QUARTET
Baroq LP, 8TR, CASS



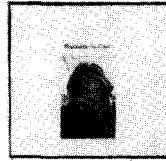
33083 COUNTRY JOE
& FISH—CJ Fish
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



65779 MELANIE—Can-
dies in Rain
Budda LP, 8TR, CASS



66703 CURTIS MAY-
FIELD—Curtis
Curto LP, 8TR, CASS



38358 VIKKI CARR—
Nashville By Carr
Liber LP, 8TR, CASS



33077 JOAN BAEZ—
One Day at a Time
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



42693 KING CRIMSON
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



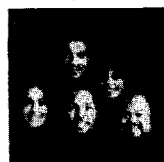
17263 GREGORIAN
CHANT
Phili LP



44365 JACQUES BREL
—If You Go Away
Phili LP



28113 A MUSICAL
SEANCE
Phili LP, 8TR, CASS



39089 5TH DIMENSION
—Greatest Hits
SouCi LP, 8TR, CASS



12121 3 CENTURIES
OF MILITARY MUSIC
Pirou LP, 8TR, CASS



16759 TCHAIKOVSKY
—1812 Overture
Mercu LP, 8TR, CASS



17317 CASALS—
Plays Beethoven
Phil LP



42673 LED ZEPPLIN
II
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



30607 FOUR TOPS—
Still Waters Run Deep
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS



44745 BOBBY GOLDS-
BORO—Greatest Hits
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS



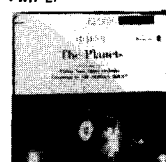
38364 CANNED HEAT
—Future Blues
Liber LP, 8TR, CASS



42765 ROBERTA
FLACK—Chapter Two
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



38367 SUGARLOAF
Liber LP, 8TR, CASS



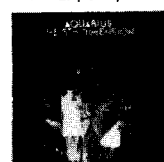
17719 HOLST—The
Planets
MusGu LP



44712 MIDNIGHT COW-
BOY—Soundtrack
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS



67510 THREE DOG
NIGHT—Naturally
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



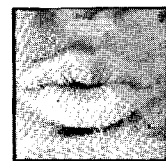
39071 5TH DIMENSION
—Age of Aquarius
SouCi LP, 8TR, CASS



44378 PAUL MAURIAT
—Gone Is Love
Phili LP, 8TR, CASS



65775 VERY BEST OF
LOVIN' SPOONFUL
KamSu LP, 8TR, CASS



44381 MYSTIC MOODS
ORCH.—English
Muffins
Phili LP, 8TR, CASS



30618 DIANA ROSS
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS



66595 BOBBY
SHERMAN
—Here Comes Bobby
Metro LP, 8TR, CASS



17008 HANDEL—
Messiah (3 records)
Phili LP



31787 MAMAS &
PAPAS—16 Greatest
Hits
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



31979 JOHN COLTRANE
—Transition
Impul LP



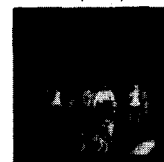
66671 RARE EARTH
—Ecology
RarEa LP, 8TR, CASS



44758 FERRANTE &
TEICHER—Love Is
A Soft Touch
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS



42770 IRON BUTTER-
FLY—Metamorphosis
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS



42704 CROSBY,
STILLS, NASH &
YOUNG—Deja Vu
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



38359 IKE & TINA
TURNER—Come
Together
Liber LP, 8TR, CASS



44728 FERRANTE &
TEICHER—Play
Midnight Cowboy
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS



43860 ERROLL GAR-
NER—Feeling Is
Believing
Mercu LP, 8TR, CASS



48794 BEVERLY
SILLS—Sings Mozart
& Strauss
ABC LP, 8TR, CASS

RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA—The World's Largest Record and Tape Club

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANY 1 TAPE Cartridge or Cassette SHOWN HERE Worth up to \$20.94 TO BUY ANYTHING EVER!

Yes, take your pick of these great hits right now. Choose any 3 Stereo LPs (worth up to \$20.94) or any 1 Stereo Tape (cartridge or cassette, worth up to \$6.98) FREE... as your welcome gift from Record Club of America when you join at the low lifetime membership fee of \$5.00. Also, you can give Gift Memberships to friends or relatives along with the free selections. We make this amazing offer to introduce you to the only record and tape club offering guaranteed discounts of 33 1/3% to 79% on all labels—with no obligation or commitment to buy anything ever. As a member of this one-of-a-kind club you will be able to order any record or tape commercially available, on every label—including all musical preferences: jazz, rock, classical, opera, folk, pop, soul, foreign, etc. No automatic shipments, no cards to return. We ship only what you order. Money back guarantee if not satisfied.

See for yourself why over 1/4 million record and tape collectors paid \$5 to join Record Club of America when other record or tape clubs would have accepted them free.						
Compare and see!	Citadel Record Club (as adv. in TV Guide Oct. 3, 1970)	Columbia Stereo Tape Cartridge Service (as adv. in Esquire Nov. 1970)	Capitol Record Club (as adv. in Playboy Oct. 1970)	Columbia Record Club (as adv. in Sports Illustrated July 27, 1970)	RCA Stereo 8 Tape Club (as adv. in Esquire Oct. 1970)	RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA
CAN YOU CHOOSE FROM ALL LABELS? LP's OR TAPES, INCLUDING CARTRIDGE AND CASSETTE TAPES?	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES! Choose any LP or tape on any label! No exceptions! Over 300 different manufacturers including Capitol, Columbia, RCA, Angel, London, etc.
MUST YOU BUY A "MINIMUM" NUMBER OF RECORDS OR TAPES? HOW MANY?	12	12	12	10	6	NONE! No obligations! No yearly quota! Take as many, as few, or nothing at all if you so decide!
HOW MUCH MUST YOU SPEND TO FULFILL YOUR LEGAL OBLIGATION?	\$59.76 to \$71.76	\$83.76 to \$95.40	\$59.76 to \$71.76	\$49.80 to \$59.80	\$41.70 to \$47.70	ZERO DOLLARS You don't have to spend a penny—because you're not "legally obligated" to buy even a single record or tape!
CAN YOU BUY ANY RECORD OR TAPE YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT?	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	ALWAYS! Your discount up to 79% OFF. Guaranteed never less than a third! No exceptions!
DO YOU EVER RECEIVE UNORDERED RECORDS OR TAPES?	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	NEVER! There are no cards which you must return. Only the records and tapes you want are sent—and only when you ask us to send them.
HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT FOR SELECTIONS TO ARRIVE?	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	NO LONG WAITS! Your order processed same day received. No shipping on cycle.

AT LAST A RECORD AND TAPE CLUB WITH NO "OBLIGATIONS"—ONLY BENEFITS!

Ordinary record and tape clubs make you choose from a few labels—usually their own! They make you buy up to 12 records or tapes a year—usually at list price—to fulfill your obligation. And if you forget to return their monthly card—they send you an item you don't want and a bill for \$4.98, \$5.98, \$6.98, or \$7.98! In effect, you may be charged almost double for your records and tapes.

BUT RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA ENDS ALL THAT!

We're the largest all-label record and tape club in the world. Choose any LP or tape (cartridges and cassettes), including new releases. No exceptions! Take as many, or as few, or no selections at all if you so decide. Discounts are GUARANTEED AS HIGH AS 79% OFF! You always save at least 33 1/3%. You get best sellers for as low as 99¢.

NO AUTOMATIC SHIPMENTS

With our Club there are no cards which you must return to prevent shipment of unwanted LP's or tapes (which you would have to return at your own expense if you have failed to send written notice to ship). We send only what you order.

HOW CAN WE BREAK ALL RECORD AND TAPE CLUB RULES?

We are the only major record and tape club NOT OWNED... NOT CONTROLLED... NOT SUBSIDIZED by any record or tape manufacturer anywhere. Therefore, we are not obliged by company policy to push any one label. Nor are we prevented by distribution commitments from offering the very lowest LP's and tapes.

Join RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA now and take advantage of this special Introductory Membership offer. Choose any 3 LPs or any 1 tape shown here* (worth up to \$20.94) and mail coupon with check or money order for \$5.00 membership fee a small handling and mailing fee for your free LPs or tapes will be sent later). This entitles you to a LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP—and you never pay another club fee. Your savings have already more than made up for the nominal membership fee. If you want to give Gift Memberships to friends

and relatives, this same special offer applies to each and every one of them. You can choose the free selections for them, or you can allow your gift recipients to make their own choice (in which case we will rush them an Order Certificate with the first shipment of their materials. As a Special Bonus to you for signing up a gift member, we'll give you an extra FREE LP or tape per each gift member you enroll.

HOW YOU CAN CHARGE IT

If you prefer, you may charge your membership and any Gift Memberships to one of your credit cards. We honor four different plans. Check your preference and fill-in your account number on the coupon.

LOOK WHAT YOU GET

- **FREE Lifetime Membership Card**—guarantees you brand new LPs and tapes at discounts up to 79%... Never less than 1/3 off.
- **FREE Giant Master LP and Tape Catalog**—lists all readily available LPs and tapes (cartridges and cassettes) of all labels (including foreign)... all musical categories.
- **FREE Disc and Tape Guide**—The Club's own Magazine, and special Club sale announcements which regularly bring you news of just-issued new releases and "extra discount" specials.
- **FREE ANY 3 Stereo LPs or any 1 Tape** shown here (worth up to \$20.94) with absolutely no obligation to buy anything ever!

GUARANTEED INSTANT SERVICE

All LPs and tapes ordered by members are shipped same day received (orders from the Master Catalog may take a few days longer). ALL RECORDS AND TAPES GUARANTEED—factory new and completely satisfactory or replacements will be made without question.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you aren't absolutely delighted with our discounts (up to 79%)—return items within 10 days and membership fee will be returned AT ONCE! *If you and gift members can't find 3 LPs or 1 tape here, you can defer your selection and choose from expanded list later.

TYPICAL "EXTRA DISCOUNT" SALE

\$4.98 LPs average as low as \$1.88
\$5.98 LPs average as low as \$2.19

Savings of 63% or more from recent Club sales up to \$3.79 per LP. Start these giant savings now... not after you fulfill your obligation like the other clubs.

Label	List Price	Avg. Club Price
Simon & Garfunkel—Bridge Over Troubled Water	Colum	5.98 2.19
Peter, Paul & Mary—10 Years Together	WarBr	5.98 2.19
Creedence Clearwater Revival—Cosmo's Factory	Fanta	4.98 1.88
Lettermen—Reflections	Capit	4.98 1.88
Bessie Smith—Any Woman's Blues	Colum	5.98 2.19
Neil Young—After Gold Rush	Repri	4.98 1.88
Mantovani—In Concert	Londo	4.98 1.88
Santana—Abraxas	Colum	5.98 2.19
Glen Campbell—Goodtime Album	Capit	5.98 2.19
Jimi Hendrix & Otis Redding—Live at Monterey	Repri	5.98 2.19



RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA
CLUB HEADQUARTERS
YORK, PENNSYLVANIA 17405 X792A

Yes—Rush me a lifetime Membership Card, Free Giant Master LP & Tape Catalog, and Disc & Tape Guide at this Special Membership Offer. Also send me the 3 FREE LPs or 1 FREE tape which I have indicated below (with a bill for a small mailing and handling charge). I enclose my \$5.00 lifetime membership fee. This entitles me to buy any LPs or tapes at discounts up to 79%, plus a small mailing and handling charge. I am not obligated to buy any records or tapes—no yearly quota. If not completely delighted I may return items above within 10 days for immediate refund of membership fee.

Choose 3 FREE LPs or 1 FREE TAPE

--	--	--	--

☐ 8TR ☐ CASS

or ☐ Defer Selection—send expanded list.

Also add... Gift Memberships at \$5.00 each to my request along with 3 FREE LPs or 1 FREE tape each. (A small handling and mailing fee for gift members' free LPs or tapes will be sent to you later.) (Attach separate sheet with names and addresses of gift members. Note on sheet either the free selections or that you want gift member to choose his own free selections. Also indicate your free bonus LP or tape (note 8TR or Cass.) for signing up a gift member.)

I enclose \$_____ covering my \$5.00 lifetime membership plus any Gift Memberships at \$5.00 each.

Mr. _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

If APO-FPO address, add soc. security # _____

CHARGE IT to my credit card. I am charging \$_____ to cover my \$5.00 membership and any Gift Memberships at \$5.00 each (mailing and handling fee for each FREE LP and tape selected by both me and the gift members will be added).

Check one: ☐ Diners Club ☐ Master Charge
☐ American Express ☐ BankAmericard

Acct. # _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

© RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA 1971 45

RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA—The World's Lowest Priced Record and Tape Club

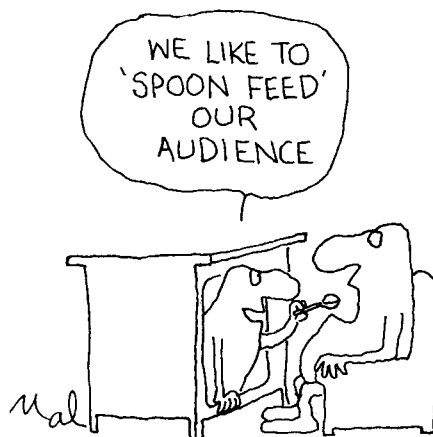
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

■ Behind-the-scenes maneuvering going on to get the United Auto Workers and the Teamsters back into the AFL-CIO in 1971. **George Meany** is reported to be "optimistic." He's met with Acting Teamster President **Frank Fitzsimmons**, but Fitzsimmons can't commit Teamsters for sure until **Jimmy Hoffa** gets sprung later this year. . . . Also, Meany is said to get along better with new UAW president **Leonard Woodcock** than he did with the doveish socialist **Walter Reuther**. . . . Most astonishing labor headline of decade, from recent *Washington Post*: "Conservatism of **Harry Bridges**/Could Split Dockers." It was Bridges' United International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union that was thrown out of the CIO in the Fifties for being Communist-dominated. Recently Bridges has been sharply critical of **César Chavez** (he'd like to organize the farm workers himself) and he's also reported to be making affiliation overtures toward conservative (hard-hat, pro-Vietnam) International Longshoremen's Association.

■ Who'll it be in '72? Retiring Sen. **Eugene McCarthy** says he plans to stick around Washington after his term expires; plans to take a part in 1972 Presidential contest (presumably as third- or fourth-party candidate). . . . Retiring Sen. **Joseph Tydings** (he was retired by Republican **Glenn Beall**) has been tapped, say some Washington sources, to head the **Muskie** for President movement now; he'll try to line up support for '72 convention. . . . Sen. **George McGovern** has hastened to deny report by **Rennie (Chicago Seven) Davis** that he had anything to do with the list of American POWs handed to representatives of Sens. **Kennedy** and **Fulbright** in Paris Christmas week. McGovern has been moving toward center recently. . . . At recent Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions meeting President **Harry Ashmore** volunteered to nominate

former Attorney General **Ramsey Clark** "for President or any office he wants." . . . Clark, whose Presidential boomlet is gathering steam, has also been invited by Council for Foreign Relations (CFR) to make speech on "Priorities in American Foreign Policy" on Jan. 6—to puzzlement of CFR members who wonder just what Clark's foreign policy credentials are. . . . **Fulton Lewis III** reports the "New Politics" group has scheduled meeting



in February to line up its 1972 Presidential slate. New Politics is expected to name—yes, again—**Ramsey Clark** as its Presidential candidate, far-out California dove Rep. **George Brown** as Veep.

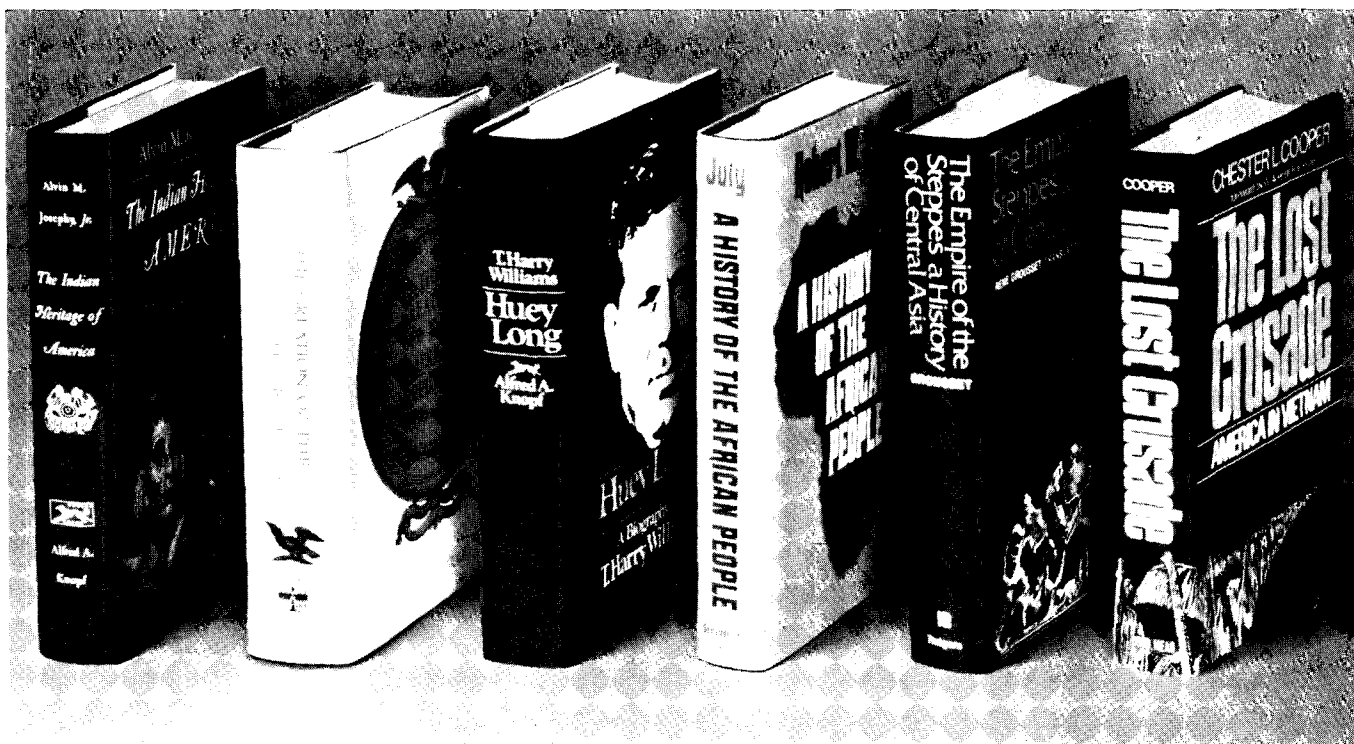
■ French revolutionary journalist **Régis Debray**, released from Bolivian prison in Christmas amnesty, was flown directly to Chile, went immediately to visit Communist poet **Pablo Neruda**. Debray's comment on the election of **Salvador Allende** as President of Chile: "It was the most important political triumph since Fidel Castro rose to power . . . it is undoubtedly a great blow to imperialism." . . . (In N.Y., Communist *World* played down Debray's release: in many leftist circles it is believed he betrayed **Che Guevara** to the Bolivian army.) . . . Meanwhile, back in Chile, the government ordered all radio stations to devote at least 40 per cent of air time to

Chilean-composed music starting Jan. 1. Which is impossible, says **Eduardo Mac Donald**, manager of Radio President Balmaceda in Santiago: "There isn't enough Chilean music available in Chile to make that possible."

■ That Sept. (renamed Dec.) issue of *Scanlan's Magazine* has finally made it. A Montreal judge ordered all but ten copies of the 100,000-issue run released—and deported to the States. American printers had refused to handle *Scanlan's*—the issue in question is an instructional manual on guerrilla warfare—because they regarded it as dangerous. It was subsequently published in Quebec, but seized under the Emergency Powers law early in Dec. . . . Roundup of subversives in Canada following kidnap killing of **Pierre Laporte** turned up American lawyer **Arthur Turco**, wanted in Baltimore in connection with torture-slaying of Black Panther defector **Eugene Anderson**. Turco was extradited to Baltimore where he will stand trial. . . . Roy Canadian Air Force Association has voted 105 to 1 to urge Canadian government not to accept any more U.S. draft dodgers or deserters. . . . Sweden has found, incidentally, that one out of every six American shirkers given asylum has since been in trouble with the law—mostly on drug-connected offenses.

■ Big date in Washington, Feb. 4. Second Annual Conservative Awards Dinner. Sheraton-Park Hotel. 7:30 p.m. \$25 a plate. Sponsored by *NR*, *Human Events*, *YAF*, *ACU*. Sen. **James Buckley** a featured speaker. For further information write: Conservative Awards Dinner, Suite 1, 328 Penn. Ave., S.E. Washington, D.C. 20003.

■ Bitter year-end joke going the rounds in **East Germany**, where a food-queue is on. *Q.* "What kind of a year was 1970?" *A.* "Middling. Worse than '69, better than '71."



We invite you to save 50% on the most important books of history and world affairs

First price is Publisher's List; **Boldface** shows Member's Price.

764. THE LOST CRUSADE: AMERICA IN VIETNAM By Chester Cooper. A State Department official's inside analysis of America's involvement in Vietnam, the mistakes we made there, and the ways we might be able to get out. **\$12.00/\$7.95**

561. A HISTORY OF THE VIKINGS By Gwyn Jones. Their progress traced from prehistory to 1066, from Russia and Constantinople to North America. **\$9.75/\$6.95**

554. THE TRIAL OF THE GERMANS: DREIBERG, 1945-46 By Eugene Davidson. Twenty-two brilliant studies of the war criminals which build a total picture of Nazi Germany. **\$12.50/\$8.95**

557. THE CREATION OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC, 1776-1787 By Gordon S. Wood. Evolution of American political thought from 1776 to the making of the Constitution. Bancroft Award winner. **\$15.00/\$9.95**

577. WITCHCRAFT AT SALEM By Chadwick Hansen. A fresh, objective interpretation of the original documents. **\$6.95/\$5.75**

726. A HISTORY OF THE AFRICAN PEOPLE By Robert W. July. Their richly complicated history, ancient to present times. Highly readable, filled with facts rather than special pleading. **\$15.00/\$8.95**

521. THE INDIAN HERITAGE OF AMERICA By Alvin M. Josephy, Jr. The history, archeology, and ethnology of all Indian cultures in the Americas since the Ice Age. **\$10.00/\$6.95**

545. THE GREAT TERROR: Stalin's Purge of the Thirties By Robert Conquest. The grim and ruthless campaign, its arrests, its interrogations, the mass slaughter and their effects on Russian life and culture. **\$9.95/\$7.40**

687. ANTI-INTELLECTUALISM IN AMERICAN LIFE By Richard Hofstadter. America's historical suspicion of intellectuals—its roots and meaning. Pulitzer Prize winner. **\$7.95/\$5.95**

746. EMPIRE OF THE STEPPES: A History of Central Asia By René Grousset. The great French historical account of the Mongolian and Turkish invasions in its first English translation. **\$17.50/\$9.95**

543. ANCIENT EUROPE By Stuart Piggott. From 6000 B.C. to the Roman era, a fascinating survey of prehistoric, barbarian Europe. 194 illustrations. **\$7.50/\$6.15**

Winner of Pulitzer Prize and National Book Award

700. HUEY LONG By T. Harry Williams. Bulldozer, menace, dictator—yet voice of an authentic American radicalism. The first full-length story of his life. **\$12.50/\$7.95**

671. MEDIEVAL HISTORY: The Life and Death of a Civilization (2nd Edition) By Norman F. Cantor. A lucid, lively and readable book on the total history of the middle ages. **\$10.95/\$8.50**

460. HITLER: A STUDY IN TYRANNY By Alan Bullock. The definitive work. **\$10.00/\$6.95**

762. GOD'S ENGLISHMAN: OLIVER CROMWELL AND THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION By Christopher Hill. An amazingly objective "warts and all" analysis of Cromwell's problems, opinions, failings and accomplishments that puts his place in history into proper perspective. **\$7.95/\$6.75**

754. AUGUSTUS TO CONSTANTINE: The Thrust of the Christian Movement into the Roman World By Robert M. Grant. How and why the tiny, persecuted movement survived and grew. **\$10.00/\$7.50**

734. WELLINGTON: THE YEARS OF THE SWORD By Elizabeth Longford. Intimate details gleaned from family archives by a descendant of Wellington's wife provide a myth-shattering characterization of The Iron Duke. **\$10.00/\$7.50**

607. FROM SLAVERY TO FREEDOM: A History of Negro Americans By John Hope Franklin. A top-ranking historian traces the Negroes' course from African origins to contemporary North and South America. **\$12.00/\$7.40**

Three good reasons to join The History Book Club:

- **Dramatic savings.** As a trial member, you can save over 50% on your choice of the finest works of history and world affairs—more than 130 titles to choose from each month.
- **Liberal bonus plan.** You are free to select your bonus books from our entire list...no restrictions as in most clubs. After trial membership, you earn a bonus certificate with every four books you purchase.
- **Exceptional quality.** The History Book Club always brings you new volumes identical with or superior to original publishers' editions...never economy "book club" reprints.

TAKE ANY 3 of these valuable **99¢** for all books for only **three**

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB, Stamford, Conn. 06904

Please send the introductory package of books indicated below. Bill me 99¢ for the three. At the same time, send the membership book I have also indicated and bill me for it at the low Member's Price.

I understand that I may return the books within 2 weeks if I am not delighted with them and that their return will automatically cancel my membership. Otherwise I shall complete my Trial Membership by purchasing 4 more selections during the coming year from among more than 150 offered at money-saving Member's Prices each month in the Club Review. I may choose any of these instead of the Editor's Choice, or no book at all, simply by returning the reply card which accompanies the Review.

Completion of my Trial Membership will entitle me to choose a Bonus Book for every 4 books I purchase thereafter.

(NOTE: A small postage and packing charge is added to each shipment.)

Fill in numbers of your three introductory books, 99¢ for all three

Fill in number of your choice at member's price

Name _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

In Canada, same savings. Shipment of books and all services will be handled within Canada. Bonus plan differs slightly.

NV 15S



THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB • Stamford, Conn. 06904

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

After What?

Congratulations on your truly excellent Fifteenth Anniversary issue. I was particularly impressed by Professor Genovese's candid and rigorously critical analysis of the Left, and by Professor Hart's sensitive and perceptive examination of the state of mass education and mass culture.
New York, N.Y. ROBERT A. PUGSLEY

In the issue on "After Liberalism, What?," the most enlightening article was Frankel's. Much of what repels me in liberalism has been what he would call a "pop" philosophy.

But he asks the readers: Are we advocating the end of liberal attitudes and beliefs? He identifies the core of these attitudes as *tolerance* and *compassion*. Taking him at his word forces one to ask: How much tolerance? Even the craziest zealot tolerates something; even the most devoted liberal draws the line somewhere, e.g., at murder and torture. Yet unless we are very clear about the limitations of our grand generalities, it is easy to be enticed on to questionable ground. So many liberals are extending tolerance to murderers and torturers, especially if they happen to be members of some group deserving compassion. As Professor Bell is quoted by James Burnham as saying [p. 1284]: "Liberalism finds itself uneasy. It approves a basic permissiveness, but cannot with any certainty define the bounds."

It is not permitted to murder and torture your neighbor. Is it permitted, then, to exhort a mob to do the same? Almost no body of liberal-oriented law extends tolerance this far. May one preach a social philosophy encouraging murder and torture of a special class of sinners, such as pigs—or Jews? In a freshman classroom in social science, for instance? Or in a racially organized club, such as Black Panthers? Should we invite speakers on campus who advocate killing parents? By some people's definition, all of this comes under academic freedom.

What can we expect from science and technology? Many things, but most generally awesome acquisitions of power. In 1900, it took considerable work and expense to blow up a building; today we can set a city on fire with a rag, a bottle and some gasoline. What will the Molotov cocktail of 2000 A.D. be? A thousand-megaton H-bomb? A deadly poison in some water supply? A hundred-foot pipe of lithium deuteride? All we *know* is that the power of destruction available to aberrant individuals will be greater than it is now—and will

require tighter controls over mankind. And in this direction the change always goes.

Therefore I contend, along with James Burnham and Jeffrey Hart that we are coming to the end of the days in which the liberal view of tolerance will be tolerable. No longer can we permit the laxity possible a century ago, and with each passing year the boundaries must be constricted. We will have to decide, on fairly objective and empirical grounds, just how much tolerance of words and deeds can be permitted. The events of the last few years indicate that we are already perilously close to the limits.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

ALFRED B. MASON

In his well-tailored essay, "Secession of the Intellectuals," Jeffrey Hart makes effective use of Kenneth Minogue's analysis of recent Western politics as the construction of "suffering situations" wherein the underclass is literally defined as suffering; whereupon political and moral weapons have been mobilized to 1) inform the suffering class of this fact and 2) to effect a *political* trade-off of power and goods with the nonsuffering class. Fair enough.

But fairness also requires one to point out that the impulse to resort to this essentially *dramatic* design for politics does not begin with the evangelists to the "suffering classes," whoever they are. They learned it, and quite easily, from the spokesmen of the nonsuffering classes, going back at least to the "old oligarch" in Periclean Athens, who have for millennia dilated upon the *anticipated suffering* of a ruling class, supposedly sensitive and refined, if ever the masses should break down the walls and come tramping into their parlors.

This is one of the oldest scenarios known and it has always been most effective, since the degradation and humiliation of those who have once known culture and sway *seems* so much more disgusting, than the elevation of one who has known misery seems thrilling or just. Indeed the traditional novel, with its emphasis on retaining or reacquiring money as prop of social position, has lent this phenomenon inestimable support.

The notion that the suffering of those who have once known comfort is much worse than the suffering of those who have known nothing else, is a far older and more deeply embedded idea than that discussed by Professor Hart. And it is an idea fabricated, marketed, and wholly owned by *conservatives*.

Waltham, Mass.

DOUGLAS J. STEWART

Bouquet

A belated compliment for the December 1 issue, and most especially for Priscilla Buckley's essay. All the articles and the pictures were great, but hers gave the finishing touch. Comprehensive and witty.
Arlington, Va. HERBERT O'DONNELL

Not So Trashy

I found C. H. Simonds' "The Trashing of Vermont" [December 15] to be both perceptive and, subject to some qualifications, an extremely accurate statement of the situation.

However, as a first qualification, I would say that if you fly over Vermont, the major impression is of thousands of acres of timber and land still devoted to agriculture and otherwise "unspoiled." The fact that vast areas of Vermont are unspoiled does not, of course, excuse the trashing of some areas by the traffic jams etc., but it does indicate that spoiling is fairly concentrated around resort areas.

Second, I would point out that Vermont has restricted billboards for many years. You only have to go through New Hampshire to see how much better off we are. The ban on off-premises advertising, being tried on an experimental basis in the southern part of the state, is still in its early stages, as the bill became fully effective (in theory) on July 1, 1970. Although I have not been in the Londonderry area recently I expect further improvements all over the southern counties of the state as time goes on.

In the third place, under the leadership of a conservative governor, Deane C. Davis, the state enacted in 1970 some reasonable stringent environmental controls, including control of housing developments and restrictions on buildings above 2,500 feet elevation. I think the political climate such that there will be further legislation of this nature. More specifically, there is strong movement to control above ground utility lines.

All this indicates, I think, that the state is aware of the problems and is trying to do something about them.

Montpelier, Vt.

EDWARD BODKI

Last Words on Libya

Wow! Mr. Benson's article "On Ditching Israel" [Nov. 17] summarized my twenty years of thinking on the area, until he suggested: "Suppose . . . we were to talk Libya."

1) We won't do it.

2) Why make two million Libyans mad?

3) Is there some other way?

Under the last, you should find a place where there are not two million people—it's just that simple. All you want Libya for is the location—the oil, resources etc. at buyable at a lower price.

So—the Sinai or Israeli Negeb! It's about 150 miles from El Arish to the Suez Canal; there are probably not 25,000 people in the entire area; and it has a super

WHAT PRICE SUCCESS?

Not much, actually. Failure is far more costly. In business, in your own career. Yet any number of talented and energetic executives don't quite make the grade. Why? To get and stay ahead of the pack, *you've got to keep up with today's revolution in managerial techniques.* For instance:

Are you up on the latest breakthroughs in strategy planning, cost cutting, real-time systems, cost of capital? You *have* to be. That's where The Executive Program comes in. It keeps you on top of what's happening through the most — and only the most — important new books on business science. Books that help *you* get the business and career results you want.

More: The Executive Program offers you the background equivalent of an MBA — just by reading the books you *should* read. An MBA that won't get obsolete because *we keep it up to date.*

In today's business climate, every executive needs all the help he can get. It's waiting for you — in The Executive Program.

Economist
On Wall Street
Peter L. Bernstein

Notes on the Speculation of Gold
the Value of Money
the Security of Investments
and Other Delusions

MERGERS

ACQUISITIONS

THE AGE OF DISCONTINUITY
Guideline to Our Changing Society
Peter F. Drucker

THINK

by William Rodgers
A Biography of the Watsons and

IBM

1000000

We invite you to take
any 3 of these important books on business
(values to \$46.90)
for only \$3.95

with a brief trial membership in

The Executive Program®

(Retail prices shown for each book)

40730. COST ACCOUNTING. Nicholas Dopuch and Jacob G. Birnberg. Presents the very latest techniques of cost accounting, illustrating in particular their uses for the general manager. **\$10.00**

69730. THE PRACTICE OF MANAGEMENT. Peter Drucker. The 1954 classic that continues to toughen the minds of business executives, labor leaders, and economists throughout the world. **\$6.50**

60280. MANAGERIAL ACCOUNTING. Harold Bierman, Jr. and Allen R. Drebin. The basics of cost accounting for the executive with little background in accounting. Clear, easy-to-follow — skips the tedious details. **\$6.95**

74270. A ROBINSON-PATMAN PRIMER: A Businessman's Guide to the Law Against Price Discrimination. Earl W. Kintner. The law that has befuddled businessmen for decades clearly explained — with meaningful examples of how it applies to business practices. **\$10.95**

43640. EDUCATION AND JOBS: The Great Training Robbery. Ivar Berg. Marshals impressive evidence to show that most employers demand too much education for most jobs. **\$7.50**

46730. THE EXECUTIVE DESK BOOK. Auren Uris. Specific information at your fingertips — in this indispensable problem-solving guide to everyday management situations. **\$8.95**

34300. THE ART OF NEGOTIATING. Gerard I. Nierenberg. Blueprint of psychological strategies for virtually any negotiating situation — from persuading your secretary to work overtime without pay to engineering a merger. **\$7.95**

70660. THE PROFESSIONAL MANAGER. Douglas McGregor. Bring out the best in all members of your organization with this wise and workable approach. **\$6.95**

59890. MANAGEMENT GUIDE TO MERGERS AND ACQUISITIONS. Edited by John L. Harvey and Albert Newgarden. A gold mine of vital, practical information on the pros and cons of business marriages. **\$14.95**

84560. TOP MANAGEMENT PLANNING. George A. Steiner. Three-volume reference work on every phase of executive skills and the new total planning. Counts as 2 choices. **\$29.95**

40070. A CONCEPT OF CORPORATE PLANNING. Russell L. Ackoff. An armory of analytical techniques to aid in sensible corporate decision making. **\$7.95**

79840. STARTING AND SUCCEEDING IN YOUR OWN SMALL BUSINESS. Louis L. Allen. Practical guide to financing and managing your own company — by one of the leading authorities on small business. **\$5.95**

84140. THINK: A Biography of the Watsons and IBM. William Rodgers. How the guiding genius of IBM built the most influential corporation of this century. **\$7.95**

33510. THE ANATOMY OF WALL STREET. Edited by Charles J. Rolo and George J. Nelson. Twenty top experts — who know Wall Street from the inside — share their knowledge of every important phase of the securities market. **\$7.50**

48540. THE FINANCIAL MANAGER. Jerome B. Cohen and Sidney M. Robbins. Comprehensive analysis of financial administration in all its aspects. Charts and diagrams. **\$13.50**

43310. ECONOMIST ON WALL STREET/WHY MOST INVESTORS ARE MOSTLY WRONG MOST OF THE TIME. A dual selection. Lucidly and logically, Peter Bernstein refutes the conventional myths that lead investors astray. Plus William Scheinman shows when not to go along with ordinary investor behavior — in order to be "mostly right." **\$16.95**

73640. REAL ESTATE INVESTMENT STRATEGY. Maury Seldin and Richard H. Swesnik. Every detail about making big money in building and land; from how to develop your own successful strategy to what the best investments are — and when. **\$9.95**

50460. GEORGE WASHINGTON'S EXPENSE ACCOUNT. Gen. Geo. Washington and Marvin Kitman, Pfc. (Ret.). A hilarious bit of American history — the personal expense account (item-by-padded-item) of the father of our country and founder of a popular American business practice. **\$5.95**

48820. FRANCHISING: Trap for the Trusting. Harold Brown. Closely inspects the shadowy world of franchising, points out the pitfalls, and provides a blueprint for help through existing statutes and case laws. **\$15.00**

77910. THE 70's CRASH AND HOW TO SURVIVE IT. John Lawrence and Paul Steiger. A beautiful and clear explanation of how the market is (and was) manipulated, with special reference to mutual funds. **\$6.95**

32430. THE AGE OF DISCONTINUITY. Peter F. Drucker. Today's most important business analyst on the job of the professional manager. "A major work of great brilliance." — *Fortune* **\$7.95**

46780. EXECUTIVE ETIQUETTE/BUSINESS MEETINGS THAT MAKE BUSINESS/THE LETTERS YOU WRITE. A triple selection. Straight advice from Chester Burger on the best personal style for an executive. Plus the crucial steps necessary to plan and run good meetings, by John Lobingier, Jr. Plus how to write effective letters, by Ellis Gladwin. **\$14.85**

34280. THE ART OF FORECASTING. Louis H. Bean. A leading forecaster shows how to predict anything from stock market trends to weather changes. **\$10.00**

TRIAL MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

The Executive Program

3-426

Riverside, N.J. 08075

Upon acceptance of this order, please enroll me as a trial member and send the 3 books whose numbers I have filled in below. Bill me only \$3.95 for all three, plus shipping and handling. If not delighted, I will return them within 10 days and my membership will be cancelled.

As a trial member, I need accept as few as 3 more selections during the next 12 months, always at reduced member prices plus shipping and handling, and I may cancel membership any time thereafter. Each month I will receive advance reviews describing the forthcoming selections along with a convenient form for requesting alternative selections or no book at all. I understand I may choose a bonus book for every 4 selections purchased. (Introductory offer counts as the first selection.)

3 books for \$3.95

(write in numbers)

Name

Address

City

State

Zip

(Offer good in Continental U.S. and Canada only.)

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mediterranean coastline! Plus—this will not take a war or an invasion—not a single life has to be lost.

Israel has this territory today; she can lease it, give it, rent it or sell it simply by withdrawing herself from it and turning it over to whomever she wants. Would this stink up the UN? So what? No Russian base made too much of a stink or cost a life, which is more important. But the intention, the plan, the accomplishment will do everything that would be accomplished by a war in Libya.

I only wish Mr. Benson would take up this proposal, as I can see he understands the situation. You would be amazed by the response from congressional leaders to *this* proposal; can you imagine what they would say about yours?

Santa Monica, Calif.

A. S. EPSTEIN

Benson's Omnibus Reply

As to Mr. Epstein's comments:

1) I agree America will not seize Libya; and within three or four years from today, Americans will pay dearly for not having done so. In this sense, I am writing for the record. Until America becomes willing to make strategic moves sufficiently broad in scope to render Russian countermoves unfeasible, America and her allies will continue to be pushed around the map. To Israel, what is involved in our strategic failure is nothing less than survival.

2) Two million Libyans are already mad.

3) Yes, there are alternative moves of similar effect. I would prefer not to discuss them, except to say that when we get around to making one of them it will be because we didn't make this one.

I am familiar with the suggestion that American forces occupy the Sinai. The suggestion is excellent from the Israeli point of view, and as Mr. Epstein points out, it is actually a conceivable move within our polistrategies of the present. But there are deficiencies from the American viewpoint.

a) This move lacks strategic scope in that it will not prevent the continued Russian buildup in the eastern Mediterranean. As the Russians solidify their position with the development of Libyan and other air and naval bases, the American contingent—for that is all it will be—in the Sinai will find itself increasingly insecure. The resulting instability will produce a high risk of escalation because the untenable position of American conventional forces will make nuclear means our only further option. Strategic caution may lead to greater danger than strategic boldness.

b) An occupation of the Sinai will place American and Russian forces in close opposition. Russian leaders will not fail to exploit the opportunity to blow hot and cold, to create incidents designed to test American firmness, to remind American leaders of the unsoundness of our position and of the fact that our presence is a continuing risk of embarrassment or disaster.

c) At the risk of being suspected of

Kremlinology, let me simply remark that Greshko's appointment as Soviet defense minister may have grave implications in this entire matter, and this makes me particularly leery of placing American forces in a position of strategic disadvantage.

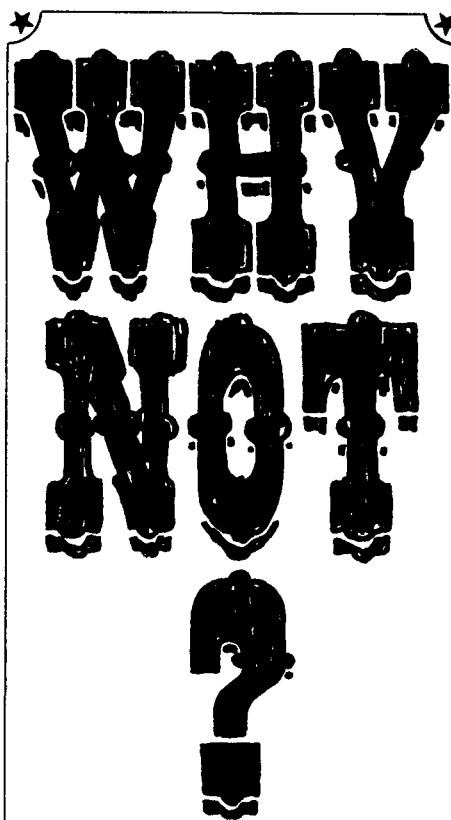
d) Most of the political dissatisfaction in America is not attributable to war itself, but to the lack of victories. There will be no victory in an occupation of the Sinai. We will just sit there, and as tense incidents succeed one another, the American body politic will exhibit its subconscious wisdom by growing more restless. When action is required, stalling will not succeed.

None of this means that an American occupation of the Sinai would not be of immediate advantage to Israel. But ask yourself one more question: If America carries out the occupation, but then is forced to withdraw by strategic pressure, *then* what happens to Israel? Only with an adequate strategic approach can this final question be avoided.

As to various other correspondents whose letters have already been published, I would like to comment on their accusations of vicious prejudice on my part against Arabs and for Jews. I am not interested in the Arabs, nor am I interested in the Jews. I am interested in strategy.

In making strategic analyses I identify myself completely with the national interests of the United States. The article concerns

(Continues on page 49)



HOW WELL WE SERVE YOU depends largely on whether you include your address label when you write us about your subscription. Please attach it to all correspondence. When moving, please give us 5 weeks notice, and paste your old address label here. Print new address below, including your ZIP code. (The ZIP code has become all-important, as all names must be filed—and mailed—by that number.)

READERS' SERVICE

You may use this form to subscribe, renew, change your address—or for any other correspondence you may have with us. If you attach your mailing label at right, you will have helped us be both speedy and accurate.

REMEMBER

that Magazine and BULLETIN are on separate lists! If you are a subscriber to

both, you must tell us to change both lists when you move, etc. Thank you.

Address all inquiries or subscriptions to: National Review, Readers' Service, 150 E. 35th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016

NAME _____
(Please print)
ADDRESS _____
(New address—if moving)
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ PLEASE CHANGE MY BULLETIN ADDRESS ALSO
☐ I wish to subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW for one year at the regular \$12.00 rate. Please enter my ☐ new ☐ renewal subscription: ☐ payment enclosed ☐ bill me later.



Why not *really* pep up your next meeting? If your club or organization meetings have been getting routine and humdrum lately try this simple remedy — Drop a line to Catherine Babcock Inc.

We'll furnish you with a speaker guaranteed to make your gathering a truly memorable occasion. We have the finest conservative speakers in the land and they are available to you *now*.

Remember, all you have to do to get started is just drop us a line telling the name of your organization and when you need a speaker. We'll take it from there. Write today to:

CATHERINE BABCOCK INC.
544 Southside Road
Virginia Beach, Virginia

STOP SAYING . . . "I CAN'T AFFORD TO TRAVEL"

8 BOOKS THAT GIVE YOU THE FACTS ON HOW YOU CAN TRAVEL TODAY WITHOUT BEING RICH

AROUND THE WORLD BY FREIGHTER

Where and how to travel by freighter
—the lower cost way to travel

FOR no more than you'd spend at a resort you can take a never-to-be-forgotten cruise to Rio or Buenos Aires. Or through the Canal or to the West Indies or to England, France, the Mediterranean, etc.

And what accommodations you get—large rooms with beds, not bunks, probably a private bath, lots of good food, and plenty of relaxation as you speed from port to port.

Travel Routes Around the World names the freighter lines (700 of them, with sailings from practically every port in the world), tells where they go, what they charge, briefly describes accommodations plus life on your freighter, clothes to take, etc.

To stop saying that travel is expensive, get your copy now. Price, \$1.50.

FABULOUS MEXICO—WHERE EVERYTHING COSTS LESS

THE land of retirement and vacation bargains, where you can build a modern home for \$6500 and an American retirement income looks like a fortune, and your vacation money can buy double or more what it might back home. Norman Ford shows you vacation and retirement values where you can live like a prince on what you might just get along on in the U.S.A. He pinpoints areas that look like the South Seas, others where it's like June all year round, towns where many other Americans have retired; shows where to find modern, flower-bedecked hotels and inns that charge hardly half of what you'd expect to spend in even such a land of vacation and retirement bargains as Mexico. Plus a big section on where to start your money earning so much more than in the U.S.A. \$2.

SPECIAL OFFER: All 4 books above—*Travel Routes Around the World*, *Fabulous Mexico—Where Everything Costs Less*, *How to Travel Without Being Rich*, and *Off-the-Beaten Path*—(\$8.50 value)—for only \$5.95.

BARGAIN PARADISES OF THE WORLD

West Indies, Mexico, Californias Abroad

THIS is a book on how to double what your money can buy. For that is what spending a few weeks or months, or even retiring, in the world's Bargain Paradises amounts to.

Throughout this big book you learn where to spend a while in the West Indies, South America, the healthful islands of the South Seas, and the marvelous Balearic Islands where two can live like kings for \$50 a week.

You read about cities and towns where it's always spring, about "Californias Abroad," about "Four Modern Shangri-Las," about mountain hideaways, tropical islands as colorful as Tahiti but nearer home, about modern cities where you can live for less, about quiet country lanes and surf-washed coastal resorts.

If you've ever wanted to travel but wondered how you could afford it; if you have a little income but wonder how you'd ever be able to retire on that; if you want a life of luxury on what you'd get only necessities back home, then you want this book. \$1.95.

HOW TO TRAVEL WITHOUT BEING RICH

DO YOU know it costs only \$179 to travel all the way to Argentina through colorful Mexico, the Andes, Peru, etc., by bus and rail? Or that there are half a dozen round the world routings for around \$1000?

If you know the seldom-advertised ways of reaching foreign countries, you don't need fantastic sums of money in order to travel. This book shows you the lower cost, comfortable ways to practically any part of the world. Here are the ship, rail, bus, airplane, and other routings that save you money and open the world to you.

This is the guide that helps you explore the West Indies like an old-time resident who knows all the tricks of how to make one dollar do the work of two. Roam around Mexico, South America, Europe, elsewhere? This is the guide that tells you where and how to go at prices you can really afford. \$2.50.

OFF-THE-BEATEN PATH

—these are America's own
Bargain Paradises

Where to retire or vacation at what
look like prewar prices and no one
ever heard of nerves or worries.

Off-the-Beaten Path names the really low cost Florida retirement and vacationing towns, the topnotch values in Texas, the Southwest, California, the South and East, Canada, and a dozen other areas which the crowds have not yet discovered.

—Fabulous places like that undiscovered region where winters are as warm and sunny as Miami Beach's, yet costs can be 2/3rds less. Or that island that looks like Hawaii yet is 2000 miles nearer. Or France's only remaining outpost in this part of the world . . . or a village more Scottish than Scotland . . . or resort villages without crowds or high prices . . . or island paradises aplenty in the U.S. or Canada . . . or areas with almost a perfect climate. And for good measure you also read about low cost paradises in Hawaii, the Virgin Islands, and Puerto Rico.

A big book, with about 100,000 words. Yet it costs only \$2.50.

AMERICA BY CAR

THIS big book is your insurance of seeing all the 4-star sights in whatever corner of the U.S., Canada or Mexico you drive to. Whether you're visiting New England or California, Florida or the National Parks, the Great Lakes, the Mississippi, the East, the South, the Southwest, the Indian country, etc., it tells you day by day and road by road the scenic way to go and it always directs you to the important sights along the way and in the cities. In Niagara or Los Angeles, Washington or New Orleans, the Black Hills or Montreal, it takes the guesswork out of travel.

America is so big you can easily overlook or forget important sights or make many a wrong turn. So get *America by Car*, the book that makes sure you'll see everything of consequence and always travel right. Only \$3.50 for this 170,000 word book (as big as 3 ordinary-sized novels).

A Good Trip Begins with a Harian Book
Publishers Since 1935

WHERE WILL YOU GO IN FLORIDA?

Florida needn't be expensive—not if you know just where to go for whatever you seek in Florida. And if there's any man who can give you the facts you want, it's Norman Ford, founder of the world-famous Globe Trotters Club.

His big book, *Norman Ford's Florida*, tells you, first of all, road by road, mile by mile, everything you'll find in Florida, whether you're on vacation or looking over job, business, real estate, or retirement prospects.

Always, he names the hotels, motels, and restaurants where you can stop for the best accommodations and meals at the price you want to pay. For that longer vacation, if you let Norman Ford guide you, you'll find a real "paradise"—just the spot which has everything you want.

Of course, there's much more to this big book. If you want a home in Florida, he tells you just where to head. If you've ever wanted to run a tourist court or own an orange grove, he tells you today's inside story of these popular investments.

If you want to retire on a small income, Norman Ford tells you exactly where you can retire now on the money you've got, whether it's a little or a lot. Because he always tells you where life in Florida is pleasantest on a small income, he can help you to take life easy now.

Whatever you seek in Florida, *Norman Ford's Florida* gives you the facts you need to find exactly what you want. Well over 100,000 words, but it costs only \$2.50—only a fraction of the money you'd spend needlessly if you went to Florida blind.

ALL ABOUT ARIZONA

—the healthful state

Just as a road map shows you how to reach your destination, this big book leads you to whatever you want in the fast growing state of sun and scenic wonderlands.

What do you want to know about Arizona? Where to retire at low cost? Where are summers cool, winters sunny most of the time? Where are the leading places for a job, a home, etc.? What must a newcomer watch out for? Is it true that living costs are less than in the East? What about salaries?

Or do you want to tour this Grand Canyon State? What's the most scenic way to see Arizona by car or otherwise? What is really the most satisfying way to see the Grand Canyon? The Indian reservations? The other 4-star sights? Which are the outstanding places to eat and stay? What are the sure ways to cut travel costs in this big state?

Filled with facts, over 100,000 words long, this book almost brings Arizona to your door answering these and a hundred other questions. To know all you should about Arizona before you go for a home, a job, retirement in the sun, or a really memorable vacation, read this book. Price \$2.50.

Mail to HARIAN PUBLICATIONS,

Elm Drive,

GREENLAWN (Long Island), N. Y. 11740

I have enclosed \$.....(cash, check, or money order). Please send me the books I have checked below. YOU WILL REFUND MY MONEY IF I AM NOT SATISFIED.

- ☐ *Travel Routes Around the World* (travel by freighters). \$1.50.
- ☐ *How to Travel Without Being Rich*. \$2.50.
- ☐ *Off-the-Beaten Path*. \$2.50.
- ☐ *Fabulous Mexico—Where Everything Costs Less*. \$2.00.

☐ SPECIAL OFFER #1: All 4 books for \$5.95.

- ☐ *America by Car*. \$3.50.
- ☐ *Norman Ford's Florida*. \$2.50.
- ☐ *Bargain Paradises of the World*. \$1.95.
- ☐ *All About Arizona—the healthful state*. \$2.50.

☐ SPECIAL OFFER #2: All 8 books above for \$10.95.

Print Name

Street Address

City

State Zip Code

THE WEEK

■ In case you worry about the state of American enterprise, cheer up: a new cleaner has been introduced named Absorba the Grease.

■ Make way, bong-bong, for the New Age. As we all know, it is perfectly possible to graduate from many New York City high schools without knowing how to read or write. But you graduate right into that old poverty trap. So, logically, the thing to do is to go on to college, because of course everybody who graduates from college can read and write and therefore isn't poor. All that stands in the way are some fussy old requirements. Or stood, at the City University of New York, where the Third Worlders threw a great big riot two years ago and got what they wanted: Open Admission. Now anybody with a high-school diploma can enroll in one of CUNY's branches. This year, the first year of Open Admission, CUNY has 35,000 freshmen (20,000 last year). The budget is strained to the breaking point. There aren't enough teachers or enough classrooms. Worst of all, say columnists Evans and Novak, the academic level is starting to slide: Students simply can't do the work ("Too many words are just too long," said one); valuable time and money are spent on classes in remedial reading and arithmetic. And nobody flunks—not for 1½ years, according to the present arrangement. Demands for guaranteed diplomas are just around the corner. On to graduate school!

■ "All Soul's College, Oxford, planned better than it knew when it limited the number of its undergraduates to four; four is exactly the right number for any college which is really intent on getting results." Albert Jay Nock, *Memoirs of a Superfluous Man*, 1943.

■ The Army, with the aid of computers, has been compiling information on all sorts of people who might fold, bend or mutilate the government. Among those said to have been under surveillance are Adlai Stevenson III, former Illinois Governor Otto Kerner and eight hundred other civilians. Army Secretary Resor has denied spying on the two political figures, but hasn't said a thing about the eight hundred others. Meanwhile Secretary of Defense Laird has placed all military-intelligence groups under the control of the Defense Intelligence Agency and placed the agency itself under his control. This should give the estimated fifty million people already on government records a warm feeling, knowing that when their records get to the top at least the snoop won't be in uniform.

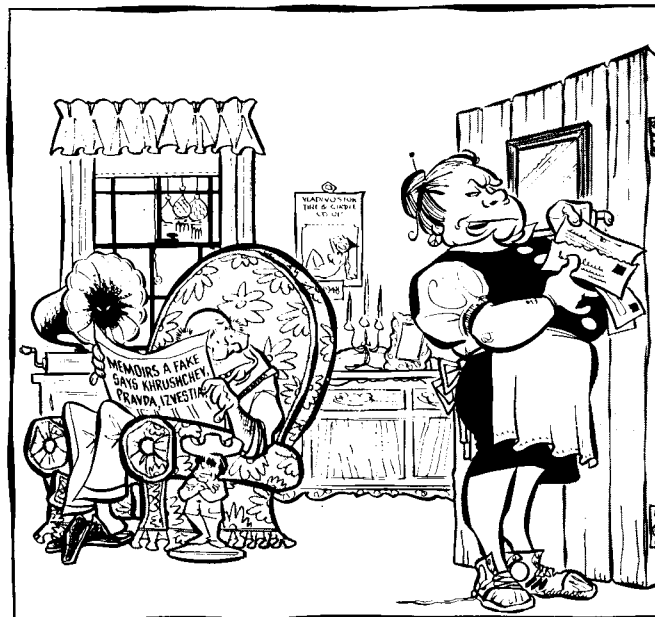
■ Ramsey Clark, former U.S. Attorney General, whose wisdom on matters domestic has helped so, has begun to meditate on the international scene. He says "Peace first"

is the only way to solve world troubles. "Violence as an international problem solver is no longer tolerable." Now we could run on about how we disagree with this talk, but, really, why worry? Ramsey is *former* U.S. Attorney General. People seem to forget that.

■ December 10 was Human Rights Day, the anniversary of the adoption of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights (whatever they are) and an appropriate day (for people who do know what they are) for the adoption of a plan creating the post of High Commissioner for Human Rights. The plan, backed especially by the U.S., calls for a kind of ombudsman to consider the 1,500-odd petitions a year that allege violations of human rights. But the proposal was thwarted by a coalition of delegates from those countries in the forefront of the leadership for peace and democracy, namely the Soviet-bloc, Arab and Asian-African representatives. Not, you understand, that they feared what the Commissioner might do: his power was limited, he could investigate only when the accused government agreed. What the Soviet Union feared was that the plan would provide a forum that might encourage the people of the workers' paradise to tell the world about the withering away of the state. And besides, beating up their citizens is their own damn business.

■ The men who'll stay for dinner?—A picture of a Peking factory, recently issued by the Hsinhua News Agency, shows a poster calling for thousands of volunteers to work on the 1,100-mile Tanzania-Zambia (Tanzam) Railway that the Chinese are financing and building. The following sentence is included: "Those workers who decide to settle in Africa after the said task is completed will receive good land and houses for themselves and their families."

■ Hmm. C. L. Sulzberger, the *New York Times'* last good-guy, is hopeful about Vietnam. He quotes a London



Yardly Jones, *Toronto Telegram*, Canada

Ben Roth Agency

"Oh, just a fake check for you from 'Life'..."

Here is your Last Chance to take advantage of this special money-saving offer: subscribe or renew *now* and save \$5.00!*

This opportunity depends on our hearing from you *now*—before our supply of these bargain books is exhausted. Don't miss this fine opportunity to get your own copy of the *complete* letters of Whittaker Chambers to Wm. F. Buckley!

"Odyssey of a Friend" will make it plain to you — even if you have never read his unforgettable "Witness" — why Chambers is frequently listed among the greatest minds and most brilliant *writers* of the century. You will want to add this memorable book to your permanent library, to refer to and to quote from *often*. Read all about it.

You will be hard-put to find *anywhere*, today, a more moving book than "Odyssey of a Friend." To anyone 30 or over, it is a fascinating commentary on the life and times you yourself have seen and experienced: *living* history that brings back in vivid detail just how it all *seemed* when it happened, and — very often — how different it all looks now. Chambers had the knack of getting inside events, of making facts glow with the light of understanding.

If you are under 30, this may well be one of the most informative — and *formative* — books you will read. The depth and brilliance of Chambers' mind covered so many subjects, produced so many insights, explored such varied and unusual thought currents, that you will find yourself spell-bound. How could one man absorb all this? How could he be so consistent yet never predictable? Illuminate so many ideas? Describe with such accuracy the inner workings of movements, epochs and even people who were often largely or even wholly unknown to him?

Why We Bet on You

For three issues, *National Review* devoted the lion's share of its article section to excerpts of "Odyssey of a Friend." Even so, we were able to bring you less than a quarter of the whole book.

The response to what we *did* publish has fully justified our own feeling that Chambers' letters would be the publishing sensation of the season (almost all the mass-

'For me, and others who knew him, [Chambers'] voice has been and still is . . . magnificent in tone, speaking to our time from the center of sorrow, from the center of the earth.'

— Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

circulation magazines and book reviews have, or soon will, review it: the *New York Times*' reviewer actually praised it!) We bet that, after getting a taste of what the book was like, a great many of our readers would be anxious to read the whole thing for themselves.

That is why we put in our order for copies *before* the book went to press,* and are now delighted to be able to send you a copy of this memorable book for just \$1.95 postpaid along with your subscription or renewal to *National Review*.

What You Will Get

You may be sure it was a terribly difficult job to pick those parts we *did* publish: for every letter we got *in* we had to leave out others just as interesting, very often with additional facts or commentary on the same subjects. When you get the whole book you will of course have all the letters, and in proper order. The range of subjects covered is breath-taking (which is why the book is fully indexed: quite unusual for a book of letters), and it is possible to give only a brief outline of the complete contents here:

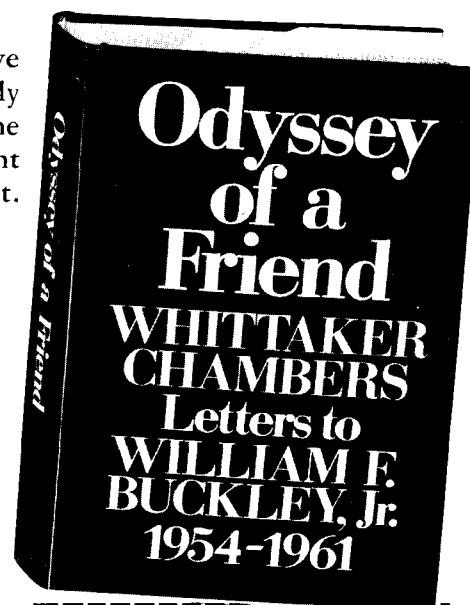
1) **How Chambers got to know** Wm. F. Buckley Jr. and how their friendship developed.

2) **Richard Nixon** as Chambers knew him — and the fascinating discussions about Nixon between Chambers and various people in and out of NR.

3) **More about NATIONAL REVIEW** — its history, its personalities and its early trials and successes — than you are ever likely to learn from any other source. (Aahem!)

4) **Alger Hiss**: the man, the Case, the whole (even to this day) unbelievable story (incidentally, so you will *not* be confused by the welter of events and personalities. Bill Buckley has included, as a "forward" to this volume, Ralph de Toldano's concise, factual account of the whole Hiss-Chambers controversy.)

5) **The many famous people** Chambers knew: Henry Luce, Arthur Koestler, Willi Schlamm, Hede Massing — and many more, known personally or not, whom he discusses here.



*SPECIAL Pre-Publication Savings Offer:

In early February, this big book (over 300 pages, fully indexed) began selling everywhere for \$6.95. But last fall we were so enthusiastic about this book that we did something we've never done before: we placed a pre-publication order for several *thousand* copies for future use, thereby allowing us to buy these original, hardcover editions at a price considerably below what you — or we — would have to pay later.

So if you act right now you can get your copy of this wonderful book for just \$1.95 — you save a full \$5.00 — along with your NR subscription or renewal. All you have to do is use the card facing this page today. Offer good *only* while our supply of these books lasts: all orders will be filled on a first come, first served basis. Send for your copy today. Don't delay!

6) **The secret life** Chambers led after the Hiss case: his farm, his terrible sicknesses, his return to college(!), his European trip (Venice was his favorite), and much, much more!

You will never forgive yourself if you miss this opportunity to get your own copy of this book. Order it today!

You will not want to miss this fascinating book. To order your copy, use the order card facing this page. It needs no stamp. Mail it today.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sunday Times correspondent as saying: "The Vietcong . . . are on the run. . . . The regular forces of the North Vietnamese Army can no longer maintain themselves on levies of food and money raised by the Vietcong." All because of Tet, in which the enemy suffered enormous casualties, and because of our destruction of his Cambodian sanctuary. "Now every man and bullet must come down the Ho Chi Minh Trail in Laos and Mugia Pass whose entrance has just been bombed," says Sulzberger. But on all the evidence, men and bullets aplenty are coming down the Trail and through the Pass, in preparation for a big offensive as soon as American troop strength is a little lower. One bombing raid won't interdict the flow for very long. Perhaps the enemy has just enough for one last push; that push might be all it would take. Then there's the pessimistic report allegedly filed by Sir Robert Thompson, Richard Nixon's expert on Vietnam: We have failed to destroy the enemy's subversive apparatus in South Vietnam. According to the *Times*, Thompson told Nixon that "despite some successes in pacification . . . there has been a general failure in police and intelligence efforts aimed at eliminating the Vietcong apparatus in the country." Then there's an interview with Thompson carried by the Associated Press, in which he calls our Vietnamization and pacification programs "unassailable by the enemy," and says he is "optimistic about the future." Like we said, Hmm.

■ *Plus ça . . . Plus c'est* Dept.: "Berlin, July 12 (UP)—Germany's musical comedies and girl shows are to be characterized by less nudity and more intelligence, according to the slogan proclaimed by a leading German showmaster, Erik Charell, following his recent return from New York, London and Paris. 'The public everywhere has had enough nakedness,' announced Charell. 'Nudity is obsolete. At first, it blinded us with its brilliancy and tickled our senses. Nowadays it leaves us cold.'" (From the *New York Herald*, July 13, 1926.)

■ One of our subscribers (to *Combat*) did not receive the last issue, which came back in the mail stamped Not at Drawer N Return to Sender. Written in by hand, the notation: "Escaped." We are glad to note that the prisons have not yet found it necessary to develop a stamp that includes the word "Escaped" in the text. Good sign. But Mr. Harry Ackerman, wherever you are, where should we send your subscription? Care of the FBI?

■ "The old, having no future, are dangerously free from the consequences of their own political acts. It makes no sense to allow the vote to someone who is actuarially unlikely to survive and pay the bills for the politician or party he may help elect." Thus saith Professor Douglas J. Stewart of Brandeis U. What bugs Stewart is that old people "hate hippies and liberals," and tend to move to places like California, where they vote for people like Ronald Reagan. Ergo, the Final Solution: deny the vote to anyone who moves after age fifty-five. What a namby-

pamby! Why not just give them all Zyklon-B showers?

■ Senator Dole (R., Kan.) thinks the Senate should set aside one "Presidential hour" each week to hear from: "Those senators who think they are President, those senators who think they should have been President, those senators who think they want to be President, and those senators who are ready to settle for being Vice President." On reflection, perhaps the Senate ought to reserve a non-Presidential hour each week for the remaining senator(s?).

■ If you want to act civilized, go ahead. When you're challenged, you can say it's the in thing this season.

Congressional Impasse

"I am disturbed at the image which this house is showing to the American people." Thus majority leader Mike Mansfield, and by and large the nation's press has echoed his judgment. Congress is "impotent," it has failed to "get its work done."

To be sure, as the 91st Congress approaches its termination, the foreground has been rather untidy: Half-a-dozen filibusters wait in the wings; hasty compromises are attempted in conferences and cloakrooms; unrelated measures are stitched together in grotesque omnibus bills; and almost nothing of substance actually happens. Deplorable.

Or, perhaps not. The spectacle of confused immobility presented by the Senate ultimately derives from the fact that no national consensus has developed on any of the controversial measures before it. No great public demand has arisen for the Nixon welfare bill in any of its suc-

Tales of Hoffman

A wandering mistrial I—
With flag in shreds and patches
Who yips in song and snatches
A militant lullaby
A militant lullaby!
My catalog is long
Of hoax and legal antics
To teach Woodstock romantics
To idolize the Cong
To idolize the Cong!
Are you in a litigious mood?
Take me to court.
Oh, yippie!
On bombs and arson do you brood?
It's all good sport.
Oh, yippie! Yippie!

TIMOTHY J. WHEELER

Paul A. Samuelson • Arthur F. Burns • Walt W. Rostow • J. Enoch Powell • Ramsey Clark • Clifton Daniel • Paul C. Reardon • James Tobin • Ronald H. Coase • Edward W. Barrett • W. Allen Wallis • William Sloane Coffin, Jr. • Charles E. Whittaker • Milton Friedman • Robert V. Roosa • Alfred de Grazia • John A. Howard • H. Bruce Franklin • Charles O. Galvin • Boris I. Bittker • William E. Griffith • Philip L. Geyelin • Douglass Cater • Sam J. Ervin, Jr. • Alex C. Sherriffs • Kenneth E. Clark • Paul H. Douglas • Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. •

WHO
SHOULD
RUN THE
UNIVERSITIES?

John A. Howard
H. Bruce Franklin

THE INCOME
TAX: HOW
PROGRESSIVE
SHOULD IT BE?

Charles O. Galvin
Boris I. Bittker

EAST- WEST
RELATIONS:
IS DETENTE
POSSIBLE?

William E. Griffith
Walt W. Rostow

HOW BIG
SHOULD
GOVERNMENT
BE?

Paul H. Douglas
J. Enoch Powell

EDUCATIONAL
TV: WHO
SHOULD PAY?

R. H. Coase
Edward W. Barrett

WELFARE
PROGRAMS: AN
ECONOMIC
APPRAISAL

James Tobin
W. Allen Wallis

FAIR TRIAL
AND
FREE PRESS

Paul C. Reardon
Clifton Daniel

CONGRESS
AND THE
PRESIDENCY:
THEIR ROLE
IN MODERN
TIMES

Arthur M.
Schlesinger, Jr.
Alfred de Grazia

LAW, ORDER
AND CIVIL
DISOBEDIENCE

William
Sloane Coffin, Jr.
Charles E. Whittaker

FULL
EMPLOYMENT,
GUIDEROSTS
AND
ECONOMIC
STABILITY

Arthur F. Burns
Paul A. Samuelson

THE BALANCE
OF PAYMENTS:
FREE VERSUS
FIXED EXCHANGE
RATES

Milton Friedman
Robert V. Roosa

AMERICAN
MEDIA:
ADEQUATE
OR NOT?

Philip L. Geyelin
Douglass Cater

ROLE OF THE
SUPREME COURT:
POLICYMAKER OR
ADJUDICATOR?

Sam J. Ervin, Jr.
Ramsey Clark

HOW RELEVANT
IS EDUCATION IN
AMERICA TODAY?

Alex C. Sherriffs
Kenneth E. Clark

RATIONAL DEBATE SERIES

Fourteen books on controversial public policy issues of our time. Two eminent authorities with varying views speak out on each problem.

Since the academic year 1966-67, the American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research has sponsored Rational Debate Seminars. These books are the product of those 14 debates. Each volume contains the carefully prepared views of the two spokesmen, their rebuttals, and their discussions with a seminar of informed experts, including the press.

Glance above at the names and titles. You see, for example, Arthur F. Burns, now chairman of the Federal Reserve Board. Paul Samuelson, 1970 Nobel Prize in Economics. Philip L. Geyelin, 1970 Pulitzer for Editorial Comment. Milton Friedman, leader of the "Chicago School" of economics. Walt W. Rostow, adviser to President Johnson. J. Enoch Powell, Tory M.P. James Tobin, former member, Council of Economic Advisers. Ramsey Clark, former U.S. attorney general.

**Any three books \$12.00
All fourteen books \$50.00**



All books available from

American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research, 1200 Seventeenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036

cessive forms, and the Administration itself has failed to make a convincing case for its proposals. On the SST opinion remains divided. Furthermore the present Senate contains a substantial number of lame ducks: Goodell, Young, McCarthy, Gore, Holland, Yarborough, Murphy, Dodd. For such lame ducks to figure in the decision of important and disputed measures strikes at the sources of democratic legitimacy. It would be just as well, therefore, if action on such measures awaited the deliberations of the next session. As Cromwell cried to the Rump Parliament, In the name of God, go!

The Polish Unpleasantness

"Poland is a very traditional country," said a typical Warshavian to the *New York Times*. "We can put up with a lot all year long, but at Christmas we want to eat ham." But two weeks before Christmas, the government announced stiff price increases on ham, not to mention other foodstuffs and clothing, and (evidently to its complete surprise) found itself with a major riot on its hands. It may simply have been poor timing. According to one theory, Poland's Russian masters were behind it: The Polish price hikes were a test run in preparation for contemplated major adjustments of food prices in the Soviet Union. As for the riots, at least one journalist suspects the fine Teutonic hand of Walter Ulbricht: Afraid that the Poles and Russians were about to sell him down the river for West German gold, the story goes, Ulbricht sent provocateurs to the nearby Polish cities of Gdansk and Szczecin to stir up trouble.

Yet another theory is suggested by a friend of ours, a Polish-American journalist and former diplomat with contacts inside his native country. What the Poles really did, he says, was hold an election:

"Unwritten constitutions are usually the most faithfully observed [he writes], so the People's Republic of Poland is evidently emulating the English in building a body of constitutional custom. The first rule so far established is that transfer of power is accomplished by an opposition faction within the Party quietly instigating some civil disorders and then stepping in as saviors of the nation. That is what happened in Poland last week, just as it happened in 1956 when Gomulka came to power. While the demonstrators were sincere enough in their anger, they would not have gone into the streets unless someone high up had given them the green light. It's a subtle game, requiring the drawing of a fine line between the amount of unrest needed to topple the government and the amount that will bring in Russian tanks.

"Gierek (the name means 'Little Game' in Polish) proved an adept player. He takes the reins with a good hand: a solid power base in the industrial region of Silesia, where he has been for some time the feudal lord; support from the younger technocrats and professionals disgusted with the incompetence (more than the ideology) of the Gomulka crowd; a reputation for pragmatism and

executive ability. There is the human touch too: When a mining disaster struck, Gierek—a former miner and a miner's son—rushed to the pithead and directed rescue operations. He once suggested importing the Citroën *Deux Chevaux*, the French 'people's car,' as an incentive for the workers. Gomulka, who had probably never ridden in a private car before he qualified for an official limousine, of course vetoed the idea.

"When the late Charles de Gaulle visited Poland Gierek was one of the few of the 'New Class' who needed no interpreter to talk with him: He spent his entire youth and some of his adult years in France and Belgium. During the war years, he was active in the Polish Communist Party-in-exile in France—a party more Polish and national in character than the prewar CP in Poland, which set as its goal the absorption of Poland into the Soviet Union. There is hope that Gierek, oriented to economic efficiency rather than ideology, may bring in the new generation of college-trained Party members to replace the old hacks of the Gomulka years. He starts with substantial popular support, the blessings of the Kremlin and a fairly favorable reception by the Western press. Of course Gomulka started fourteen years ago with the same asset and toward the end few comments about him heard in the streets of Warsaw were printable."

And, of course, if Gierek is really interested in economic efficiency, he must tread dangerous ground—just look at Dubcek. The French Communist daily, *L'Humanité*, observes in re Poland that "a quarter century after the elimination of the capitalist system and of feudal vestiges [private farming, which Gomulka found he had to restore], what has happened would be inexplicable to one who denied any error or inadequacy in the management of the economy, in the relations of the party at the state with the popular masses and in the functioning of socialist democracy." Mm-hmmm. Careful, Gierek.

Movement in the Middle East

In his December 23 news conference, Secretary of State William P. Rogers pointedly did not "exclude" the possibility that U.S. troops would participate in some kind of UN peace-keeping force in the Middle East, a prospect which the *New York Times*, tossing isolationism to the winds, enthusiastically welcomed. What Rogers clearly has in mind is an Israeli withdrawal to something very much like the frontiers existing prior to the Six-Day War, plus Arab acceptance of Israel's existence, the whole package to be guaranteed by the above-mentioned UN force.

The prospect of some such settlement appears much less Pickwickian today than it did one year ago, and for the following reasons:

1) In the subtle sign-language of diplomatic maneuvering the Israeli posture has gradually grown much more accommodating. Israel in fact has successively given up its insistence on face-to-face negotiations, its three

ear taboo on using the word "withdrawal," and, finally, under the plan advanced by Defense Minister Moshe Dayan, even its demand for a formal treaty of peace.

2) These shifts, it is clear, reflect an estimate of the strategic realities. First, Israel can afford to move toward accommodation because of assurances from the Nixon administration that it will not be placed in any situation of lethal disadvantage: Shifts in the balance of power will be "rectified." Second, the introduction of sophisticated Soviet weapons has eroded the Israeli assumption that territory enhances security. Third, it is as clear to El Aviv as it is to anyone else that the present arrangement, no shooting but no withdrawal, cannot be permanent since it freezes a status quo unacceptable to Cairo.

3) On the Arab side quite different processes have moved in the same direction. It is clear that no decisive victory over the Israelis is possible, and, further, that every improvement in the Arab military position vis-à-vis Israel must be purchased at the price of increased Soviet influence within the Arab world. In addition, the replacement of Nasser by Anwar El-Sadat now seems likely to replicate a process familiar elsewhere, the passing of an adventurous, charismatic and revolutionary leader, the accession of a much less "international" figure—as in Algeria, Ghana, Indonesia and elsewhere. Almost necessarily, this results in an inward-turning policy. Already there has been a great abatement of talk about final victory over Israel, a shift in rhetoric that surely owes

something, too, to King Hussein's demonstration that the Arab guerrillas are something of a paper tiger.

All of these factors increase the chances of one of those "interim arrangements" that tend, as the interim becomes longer and longer, to acquire a good deal of permanence. And therefore the Rogers trial balloon about U.S. participation in a peace-keeping force.

Merry Christmas, Mr. Oakes

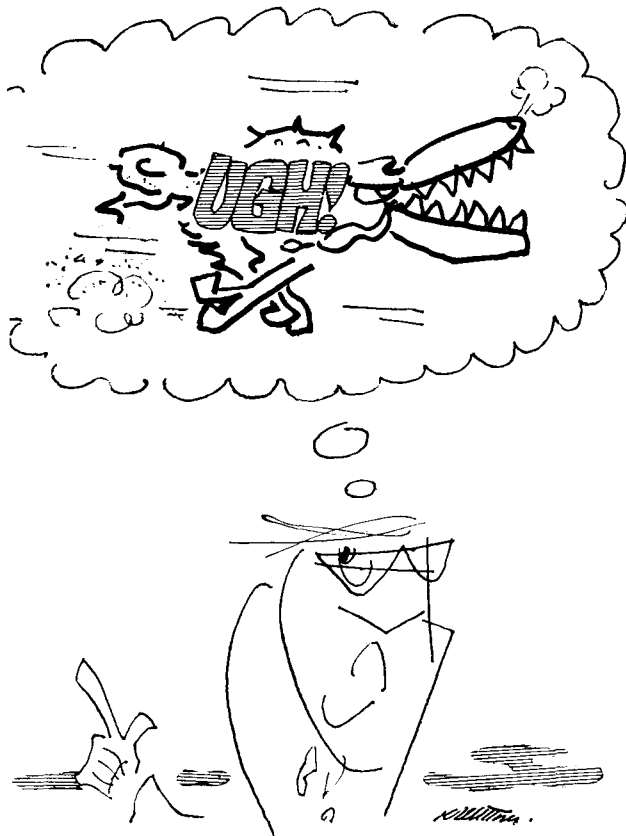
If, as a Columbia professor is thought to have said, the *New York Times* is a Catholic newspaper run by Jews to fool the Protestants, the operation, we think, is successful. At least judging from the editors' Christmas blessing. "It is possible," the editors say with more humility than they usually exhibit, "to be joyous in a deep religious sense. But how, [many people] ask, can one be merry when young men are dying in Asia, refugees are rotting [alliteration in original] in camps in the very birthplace of Christ, tidal-wave victims are suffering in Pakistan and small children know hunger and deprivation even in the United States, the richest society in the world?"

So was Our Lord born with a silver spoon in His mouth? In a time of peace, with justice, and prosperity? Law and order? Absence of plague, pestilence and famine? The *Times* didn't wish us a "Merry Christmas" in 1941, '42, '43, '44, 1950, '51 or '52. But the *Times* also didn't wish us a "Merry Christmas" in 1945 or 1953, years in which we might have made a *little* merry.

For those seeking Utopia on Earth, Christmas can never be merry. In a world of over three billion people some will always suffer, in mind, body or estate. That the editors don't understand Christmas is not of itself an important political fact. The important political fact is that the editors don't understand the world, people, human nature, man, the first Adam. Without an understanding of the first Adam the editors cannot comment on world affairs without erring, which erring we from time to time take it upon ourselves to point out. And without an understanding of the second Adam, "Merry Christmas," any Christmas, has no meaning. The *joy* of Christmas is *only* religious and in that sense it is possible to be merry.

Moynihan Leaves

Departing from his post at the White House to return to Harvard, Daniel Patrick Moynihan delivered a graceful and sometimes moving valedictory at a ceremony in the East Room. During its first two years, said Moynihan, the Administration has compiled a "considerable and I think remarkable record," and, in words certain to be found scandalous in Cambridge, Mass., he described Richard Nixon as "a President of singular courage and compassion." "Time and again," Moynihan observed, "the President has said things of startling insight, taken



now what we're headed straight for, if government hands aren't substantially increased? Galloping Meritism?"

positions of great political courage and intellectual daring, only to be greeted with silence or incomprehension even in our own ranks. The prime consequence of this is that the people in the nation who take these matters seriously have never been required to take us seriously."

Beyond the specific measures and proposals Moynihan singled out for praise, he put his finger on a large change that has occurred during the past two years: "mass urban violence has all but disappeared, civil disobedience and protest have receded, racial rhetoric has calmed." While no Administration can control so complex a phenomenon as the national mood, Moynihan was correct to associate the Administration with this change. During these past two years we have been spared the breathless visions, the fantastic promises and the millennialist rhetoric, which, emanating from the White House and from the Federal Government, did so much to overheat the atmosphere of the 1960s. The restoration of a degree of calm owes much to the fact that we have been passing, where the Federal Government is concerned, through an entirely salutary revolution of declining expectations.

Doctor, It Hurts

In a few weeks the Commerce Department will announce that the nation's output of goods and services, with figures adjusted for inflation, declined during 1970. Except for Republican politicians speaking for the record, this confirms a recession by any definition. There was certainly no doubt on that point among the families of the five million or so Americans now out of work and wanting to work, as they gathered around their diminished holiday tables, nor will they be comforted if economists try to tell them that even this recessionary cloud has the conventional lining. Still, before the rising chorus of lament and recriminations, led by the aspiring Democratic Presidential candidates, takes over altogether, we are duty bound to point out that an economic recession is not an unmixed curse. It has, rather, a useful and, it may be, necessary role in keeping the economy on its toes.

The 1970 recession meant that some of the fat was getting chopped off. Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns recently characterized the current wave of cost-cutting by business as "more widespread and more intense than at any time in the postwar period." Layers of superfluous executive and supervisory personnel are being trimmed away; expense accounts, slashed; vacations in the guise of management seminars, disallowed; purchases of executive jets, put off. All those excess expenditures that contribute more to management empire-building and self-gratification than to corporate efficiency and profits are being critically reviewed. This is the beauty of the free enterprise system: The apolitical discipline of the marketplace enforces self-correcting steps that socialized economies find it difficult or impossible to take.

As a result of these steps by the private sector, the

rise in the all-important index of productivity—output per manhour of work—has resumed after two years of stagnation. There is no better testimony to the sickly state into which the economy had fallen than the fact that from the middle of 1968 to early 1970, output per manhour upon which the general standard of living ultimately depends, stayed just about constant. Since the first quarter of 1970, however, productivity has swung into a dramatic new rise averaging nearly 5 per cent on a yearly basis, well above the postwar average.

As a small sample of what all this means in practical terms, we may note its relation to the new college graduates looking for work, a topic lately much discussed. During the past few weeks we have talked with several lawyers charged with recruiting for their firms. They are astonished at the contrast between the attitudes and demands of this year's crop of students and those of the years just preceding. Gone is the lackadaisical "take it or leave me" approach. There is a sudden resurgence of interest in corporate law and antitrust work; civil rights is out. Demands for lots of time off (with pay) for "public service" (read, rent strikes and ecological crusades) have dwindled to the vanishing point.

When jobs are easy to get, spending their employer's time and money on nonproductive pursuits is a favorite pastime of professionals, clerks and blue-collar workers alike. There is nothing like a whiff of need to get people to "reorder their priorities," even if not after the prescriptions of Galbraith-Schlesinger.

The Higher Ignorance

Lewis Mumford has just published *The Pentagon Power* (see (p. 41)), a vast and imposing work which excerpts have appeared in the *New Yorker*, it is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection—is bound to have an enormous circulation, and an unfortunate impact. For this book, a kind of *summa* of fashionable clichés, striven to be as having been written by the *zeitgeist* rather than by anyone in particular.

Though it presents itself as history and as cultural analysis, the book is really a sermon, or even a rite of exorcism. Mumford's devils are science, technological rational analysis, pollution, capitalism, Western culture, the computer, the military-industrial complex, the Pentagon, the Rand Corporation, the universities. If all this doesn't sound terribly original, well, it isn't. Mumford's contribution is to surround his attack with a show of learning which does not so much support the attack as decorate it and endow it with a spurious authority.

According to Mumford, briefly, Western civilization "fell" during the seventeenth century. Science imposed an abstract and dehumanized worldview. The heliocentric solar system of Copernicus and Galileo was somehow inferior to the Ptolemaic one. And rationalists like Descartes robbed life of all its savor. A straight line, Mumford thinks, can be drawn from these evil men through

the ruthless tycoons and colonizers of the nineteenth century ("Western man not merely blighted in some degree every culture that he touched . . .") to our present doomed predicament: We are prisoners in a technological empire ruled by sterilized minds and by Strangeloves. Variety and aesthetic pleasure are fading, fading. Love and spontaneity are dying. Necropolis.

It does not occur to Mr. Mumford that poetry and painting have in fact had a renaissance during the twentieth century, that music and technology are allied as never before, that aesthetic considerations affect more of life than at any previous period, that many of the products of technology—jet planes, for example—are aesthetic marvels. Nor does it occur to him that any amelioration of our real problems is likely to require more rather than less of precisely the kind of exact knowledge he explicitly disavows.

As Mumford sees it, we will be saved by, you guessed it, Ecology—by that and a kind of conversion of "man's subjective impulses and fantasies," "floating imagery," "bodily impulses" and "spontaneous intangibles." He even, or perhaps of course, looks upon the recent Kidcult as the harbinger of desirable things and celebrates "their long, neo-medieval haircut, their unabashed sentiment-

Life: Still Only a Nickel

Life certainly isn't what it used to be, and it certainly isn't what it's going to be if Drs. Smith and Berman get their ways. From the front comes an attack on life by Dr. Edgar Berman, who served as a special assistant on health problems for Hubert Humphrey. He says that, as a boon to civil liberties, we must limit the size of families by law: Cash incentives and guidelines just won't do the trick. There are many precedents to support such legislation, he assures us, and there is much evidence, e.g., Social Security, child care and education (and fluoridation? We told you so.) that Americans are psychologically adjusted to government intervention in their personal affairs. And just when we thought the Supreme Court had taken the policeman out of the bedroom.

Attacking life from the rear comes Dr. Stephen Smith who thinks people ought to be free to "opt out" of life at age 75 or thereabouts. On a strictly voluntary basis, however. (No cash incentives?) But what he suggests is more than mere legalization of suicide which is, in fact, illegal in some places though we know of not a single prosecution.

Both doctors are attacking the sanctity of life and are riding the domino theory. Dr. Berman notes the "surprising acceptance of abortion reforms" as reassuring to his position, which it is. Sure there are distinctions, but they are not always made. A Gallup poll claimed that 5 per cent of the American people in 1968 (up from 0 per cent in 1959) feared big government more than big labor or big business. Not, we think, a high enough percentage.

ality, their nonchalant posture, and their dream-like spontaneity that opened up for the post-nuclear generation the possibility of an immediate escape from mega-technic society." Charles Reich, move over, Mumford's in Consciousness III.

The real symptom of our predicament is that so vast a market exists for this sort of thing.

Simon & Schuster Marches On

We wondered what Simon & Schuster was up to when they proudly publicized Jerry Rubin's *Do It!* as a book "calling on kids to leave their homes, burn down their schools. . . ." And now they've done it again with the publication of Mark Lane's *Conversations with Americans*. This one, consisting of interviews with 32 Vietnam veterans, provides us, says Simon & Schuster, with "first-hand accounts of what is happening to our under-thirties as they are trained in savagery, sadism, torture, terrorism and murder."

But the trouble is, answers Neil Sheehan, the former Vietnam correspondent who reviews the book for the *New York Times*, *Conversations* is "irresponsible," the interviews inaccurate.

Sheehan ran a spot check of the records of some of the interviewees. One, a deserter now living in Sweden, lied about the unit he served in and the training he received. Another, who turns out to be a former mental patient, also lied about his background. A third turns out to be a homosexual morphine-user who served far from the spot where he claims a massacre took place.

Sheehan then called Lane about the distortions and falsifications. "It's not relevant," answered Lane. Sheehan called Simon & Schuster, where one unnamed editor confessed: "The motives in publishing this were antiwar motives." Sheehan, himself no supporter of the war, concludes that "the naïve and the professional moralists will derive considerable satisfaction from this book, if they can control their intestines."

Here We Go Again

Westport, Connecticut, where rich execs
Drink bourbon and enjoy suburban sex,
Decreed itself a monumental fuss
By shipping blacks from Bridgeport in by bus.
Just think: The Board of Education did it.
And though no Mom or Daddy would admit it—
In Westport, folks are frightfully progressive—
The busing's acting just like a depressive.
In fact, the Chairman of the Board they hired
May wish herself a Happy New Year, fired.
And so again (how often have I said it?),
The North loves integration, 'til they get it.

W. H. VON DREELE

Bellwether Hanoi?

Shortly before Christmas Hanoi made available to Senator Kennedy's representatives in Paris what it called a "total and complete list" of the American prisoners it holds. That the list is thought by Defense Department officials not to be total and complete is not the point; nor is the point that the list tells nothing new about the men being held captive. The point is that the list was delivered to Sen. Kennedy (and, incidentally, to Sen. Fulbright and the Committee of Liaison with Families of Servicemen Detained in North Vietnam).

The relevant historical datum is what Khrushchev told President John Kennedy when they met in Vienna in 1961. Khrushchev said that the Russians had decided the outcome of the 1960 Presidential election in favor of Kennedy against "that sonofabitch Richard Nixon." By holding up the release of U-2 pilot Gary Powers until after the election, the Russians deprived Nixon of being able to say, see, I know how to deal with the Russians. Khrushchev thinks the action cost Nixon 500,000 votes, more than the amount by which Kennedy won the election.

The leaders of the Soviet Union, it might be said, know what's good for them. The point is, as we said, that Hanoi delivered the list of prisoners to Sen. Kennedy. Not to President Nixon. Not to Sen. McGovern. Not to Sen. Muskie.

Here It Comes...

The search for peace will continue unabated in Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos, Thailand, Israel and environs, the Sudan, the Sino-Soviet border, Northern Ireland, Southern Chicago, Manhattan, Brooklyn, The Bronx and the hearts and minds of the peasantry. Peace will successfully elude detection by hiding in Argentina disguised as Martin Bormann. Communism will grow less monolithic, except in Poland, East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Albania, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, the Ukraine, Cuba, Chile, Tibet, Outer Mongolia and a couple of other places. The South Sandwich Islands, Heligoland, St. Pierre and Miquelon, Gibraltar, Antarctica and the Eddystone Light will be admitted to the United Nations, which will then sink into the East River leaving only an oil slick. U Thant will open a small, nonaligned restaurant and blame his subsequent bankruptcy on the two superpowers, Horn and Hardart.

Richard Nixon will make several things perfectly clear. Spiro Agnew will make several people perfectly furious. John Mitchell will be photographed patting an adorable puppy; the *New York Post* will expose the whole thing as a hoax, whereupon Martha Mitchell will telephone James Wechsler and Harriet Van Horne will have a good cry. Sen. J. William Fulbright will denounce our growing involvement in the War of 1812; see the *New York Times* for full text. Ted Kennedy will take a nose-dive,

in the process tripping up Edmund Muskie, who will nudge out George McGovern, who in turn will deflect Harold Hughes, defuse and demolish Adlai Stevenson III, leaving as the Democratic front-runner Lyndon B. Johnson.

Persecution of writers will continue in the Soviet Union, prompting Yevgeniy Yevtushenko to write a poem about the KKK, Arthur Miller to recall the days of McCarthy, and Ethel Kennedy to switch to domestic caviar just until this thing blows over. Here at home, best-seller lists will be dominated by the memoirs of a washroom attendant who once worked at a restaurant that John Kennedy patronized on the cook's night out. Dame Edith Anderson, Dustin Hoffman and Flipper will agree to do nude scenes, but not together. At the premiere of his rock opera based on the life of Harriet Tubman, Leonard Bernstein will be electrocuted by a short-circuited guitar. Jacqueline Kennedy will take to her bed with hepatitis, whom Ari will throw off the yacht when he finds out.

Touring a Montessori kindergarten in Brooklyn Heights, Tom Wicker and Garry Wills will learn what it is Our Kids are trying to tell us. They will not be pleased. During negotiations to end the simultaneous strikes by bus drivers, garbagemen, policemen, firemen, teachers, street-cleaners, lamp-lighters and muffin-dusters, John Lindsay will be photographed in his shirtsleeves for the 283rd time, whereupon the dry-cleaners will go out and New York City will be sold for scrap to Howard Hughes. Ralph Nader will find deadly contaminants in orange juice, Vaseline, chewing gum and mouthwash shortly before he is eaten alive by ten thousand laboratory mice. Several dozen government employees will be caught *in flagrante* in a YMCA men's room with the Vienna Choir Boys, whereupon Women's Lib will demand equal access.

In short, just another year—only more so.

Heinrich Bluecher, RIP

He looked and sounded like Socrates, and his love and understanding of ancient Greece and its philosophy and literature was profound. But Heinrich Bluecher, who died recently at the age of 71, was no mere scholar: He was a man of the twentieth century, bent on explaining the nature of our troubled century to all who were willing to listen. "I was born in 1899," he often told his students, in his thick Berlin accent, "and am exactly as old as the twentieth century. When I talk to you about Hellas, I am really talking about the twentieth century."

In his youth he had been an officer in the German army, experiencing the agony of what historians used to call the Great War. Later he took to journalism and screen-writing in a Berlin that was alive with cultural and intellectual activity. But with the rise of Nazism, he took a firm stand against Hitler, and was hunted by the Gestapo, an ordeal that awakened him to the terrifying implications of totalitarian ideology. He came to America, where he taught philosophy at the New School, Princeton and Bard,

influencing countless numbers of students with his electrifying lectures. He loved the American Republic, which he saw to be threatened in recent years by forces alien to the American experience. In 1965, at the height of Lyndon Johnson's still-popular Great Society, he warned a group of uncritical liberals of the dangers latent in the Johnsonian approach to government. "What is this Great Society?" he asked. "Perhaps it is nothing more than a *big society*. Was Hitler a great man or was he just a big man? I for one do not want this Great Society. All I want is the American Republic. And what is that Republic? It is a place where public matters are public, and private matters are private. *Never the other way around!*"

Now that he is gone, I find myself lamenting that he had no Eckermann to record his casual wisdom, for much that he said was casual. He was in the great tradition of the philosophical amateurs, and would have felt at home in the salons of the eighteenth century, arguing with Diderot, whom he resembled in certain ways. Most of all, however, he was a great teacher, in an age when great teaching has been subjugated to other tasks. He leaves a chasm that is not likely to be filled. Our condolences to his wife, Hannah Arendt, and to all his students and colleagues. *Requiescas in pace, anima candida.*

—P. P. WITONSKI

Notes & Asides

■ Dearest Mr. Buckley: We hope you remember us. If you recall, on Friday evening you spoke at San Diego State and just before you came up to speak on the platform, we rushed backstage and not only did we get to shake your hand but we got to kiss you. And just before you left, when you were about to hop into the awaiting auto, one of us kissed you good-bye. Have you remembered us yet? We certainly hope so, love, and we shall procede [sic] under the assumption that you have.

Well, get ready, how would you like to become the mayor of New York City and win this time. Yes? It can be done! And do you know how? *US!* Yes, dearest, we are going to give you a new image. We will make your outside appearance strike close to home with the young, and your rhetoric (which we, along with Mr. Schlesinger, envy) strike up with the old. We know it is rather superficial about your appearance but ours is a superficial generation. Yes, begin now. Think about living in Gracie Mansion with us two on both of your arms. People can find it in them to resist your old managers but who, we ask, who, can you find to resist us? Certainly no red-blooded American male and they can be ever so persuasive with their missus. Please, oh please, love, think it over. Juggle these facts and reasons in your beautiful

brain. When you decide contact us. We shall be waiting. Love and kisses.

Marjorie Mattson
Alison Hellis
San Diego, Calif.

By 1973, won't you be too old?—Loves? Love—WFB

■ Dear Bill. I am writing to you in your capacity as Unmade Mayor of 1965.

I think you would want to know that John Kenneth Galbraith, whose writings are to nonsense what the *Sporting News* is to baseball (a comprehensive record), recently declared: "There are, I've long thought, few problems in New York City which would not be solved by doubling the City budget."

New York City *has* doubled its budget in just five years. The 1965-66 City expense budget was \$3,875,000,000. The 1970-71 expense budget is \$7,709,000,000. Contrary to the Galbraith Theory, many problems remain. Thus is another theory dead from overexposure to the facts.

All Professor Galbraith has demonstrated is that he brings to his vocation (giving gratuitous political advice) the same zestful imprecision he brings to his avocation (economics). After all, it was approximately 150 weeks ago that Professor Galbraith predicted that the Thieu-Ky government would not last two weeks.

Yr mst hmb'l & ob't sv't,
George F. Will
Assistant to Senator Allott

■ South Pole, Antarctica

Dear Mr. Buckley: I've been polarized! But don't blame Spiro; the responsibility lies wholly with the U.S. Navy's Operation Deep Freeze of which I have been a part for the last year. Operation Deep Freeze is the Navy's effort in air and logistic support of National Science Foundation-funded Antarctic research.

I am not writing the praises of Antarctica's geographic majesty or its sculpted white graces (which I could eagerly do) but to share an observation of a fortnightly polar phenomenon matched only, perhaps, by a winter night's aurora.

It is brighter than the 24-hour Antarctic sun, more bracing than a -40° F. high with a 20-knot wind, more warming than our 25 pounds of Antarctic survival gear and more uplifting than the removal of our 25 pounds of Antarctic survival gear, even more reassuring here than the force of gravity. The fortnightly phenomenon? It is the arrival of NATIONAL REVIEW, of course.

And let it now be known that *at this moment* the world turns on a circle of ceremonial flags and NATIONAL REVIEW [November 3, 1970] which was spindeled solemnly if also somewhat wickedly, onto the geographic south polar axis (geophysicists please note any rightward tilt) this date.

Yours v-very t-t-truly, Robert G. Zinkhan Jr.

—WFB

HOW'S YOUR OSTPOLITIK?



THE PROTRACTED CONFLICT

Herewith random comments on the late unpleasantness in Poland:

1) After each explosion in the Soviet Empire we are invariably told by the experts that this is the last gasp; the people will now realize the regime is stabilized and unassailable; all but a few eccentrics will henceforth submit, and do the best they can under the Communist dispensation. Therefore, add the experts—in Washington as in London, Paris, Rome and let us not forget Bonn—therefore it is time for us to *face reality* (ah, Reality, how many political sins are committed in thy name!), recognize that Communism is here to stay, drop the leftovers from the “policies of strength,” stop any remaining anti-Communist nonsense, and come to friendly, profitable terms with the Commu . . . pardon, socialist governments of the Eastern bloc.

And then invariably in two or three or at most five years, another explosion bursts.

How serious is this new Polish affair? Answer: any action which in its first week brings hundreds of deaths and forces the departure of five out of twelve members of a nation's ruling body (in Poland's case, the Politburo of the Party), one of them the nation's recognized leader for fourteen years, is plenty serious.

2) The seriousness is confirmed by the fact that workers, including workers from large industries in important cities, were involved on a mass scale and took the leading role at least at the outset. This was not a demonstration by the volatile students and intellectuals, which is sociologically far less consequential. (The meager and twisted reports published up to the day I am writing do not refer to *any* participation by students and intellectuals, but I feel sure that once things started they joined in actively.)

3) All accounts agree that this affair was triggered by an economic fuse: a governmental decree setting sharply

higher prices for food, fuel and clothing. Self-evidently, the government would not have been so stupid as to take such an action at the beginning of the severe Polish winter, just before Christmas in a still Catholic country, unless it was judged unavoidable. What made it so was the drastic shortage of those minimum essentials, which had in turn been brought on by the unreality of the previously decreed price, cost and incentive relationships.

We Do It Because It's Absurd

This sort of economic impasse is a universally recurrent feature of the centralized state economies of Communist nations. The scarcity or absence of the most ordinary consumer goods (even things like needles, flashlights or socks, which abound in the most primitive countries of Africa) is so routine as to escape notice. But the frequent extreme scarcity of basic food stuffs in the nations of Eastern Europe, nearly all of which were food surplus countries prior to Communism, is especially striking. Pre-Communist Poland, though not a notably wealthy nation, almost always had enough bread, potatoes and cabbage to go around, with a fair amount of at least pork and chicken for meat.

Nor is there any rational doubt about the reason for the permanent economic shortages, shoddiness and dislocations in the Communist nations. Even some of their own economists have in recent years admitted publicly that it is the lack of the kind of economic guidance, allocations and incentives that can come only from the market. By destroying the market, the Communists destroy the possibility of meeting or even knowing the needs and wants of the citizens.

Since the general failure of the Communist economies is hardly open to question any longer, it is plausible to conclude that the Communist rulers continue to maintain their “planned,” centralized, state-monopoly economy from noneconomic considerations—for polit-

ical purposes, specifically; the economy provides the surest and perhaps the only basis for the Communist monopoly of political power.

It is amusing, after these unambiguous lessons of experience, to find the Galbraiths among us and their politician-students proposing for solution of our own economic difficulties—which are of a very different order—various of the mechanisms that account for the systemic failure of the Communist economy. In their case, too, it is plausible to conclude that the implicit goals of their ostensibly economic proposals are noneconomic.

4) Though triggered by an economic conjuncture, this Polish affair, like all the previous upsurges, was undoubtedly at least as much political and moral; Polish nationalism was undoubtedly a prime element in the political component. Most Poles don't like a Communist government, and they actively hate a government that is a puppet of an outside power.

New Name for Appeasement

5) There is no more reason to think this the last such uprising in Eastern Europe than there was after any of the preceding episodes. It would not be surprising, even, if we heard before long from inside the Soviet Union: Conditions in the Baltic states and in the Ukraine, for example, including the presence of an anti-Russian nationalism, are in many respects similar to those in Poland.

6) The fifty-year history of dissident upsurges within the Soviet Empire suggests that it was the state of mind and will of the Western nations, not the realities of Eastern Europe, that ruled out what was once called a “policy of liberation.” Brandt's *Ostpolitik* is only the latest expression of the fact that everyone is anxious to come to terms with Communism accepted as the permanent system for East Europeans—everyone, that is to say, except the East Europeans. □

Two Books on Abortion and the Questions They Raise



Clare Boothe Luce

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It all began when we sent Mrs. Luce two books for review in the Books-Arts-Manners section. Somehow the review grew far beyond the confines of that department, into a major statement on the abortion question that we felt required publication as an article. The two books that prompted Mrs. Luce's meditations are The Morality of Abortion, edited by John T. Noonan Jr. (Harvard, \$8.95) and Abortion: Law, Choice and Morality by David Callahan (Macmillan, \$14.95).*

SEVEREN distinguished university professors have contributed scholarly papers to our first book. Three are Professors of Law—John T. Noonan Jr., David W. Louisell (Berkeley), and John M. Finnis (Oxford). Three are Professors of Christian Ethics—Paul Ramsey (Princeton), James Gustafson (Yale), and George Hunston Williams (Harvard). Bernard Häring, C.S.S.R. (Acadèmia Alfonsiana, Rome) is a Professor of Moral Theology.

The thrust of all the papers is that legalized abortion is a wicked price to pay for the sexual emancipation of women, and abhorrent to the fundamental humanist tenets of Western society, which are rooted in the Commandments, "You shall not kill," and "Love your neighbor as yourself." Both Commandments are violated when a mother wilfully kills the child in the

womb, who is the closest "neighbor" a human being can know.

Professor Noonan holds that no abortion can be morally condoned (except in the rare cases of ectopic pregnancy and cancerous uterus). A woman who aborts her fetus for any other reason whatsoever shows a "preference for [her] own interests to the life of another, [which seems to] express cruelty or selfishness irreconcilable with the demands of [Christian] love."

Others (Ramsey, Häring, Gustafson) give liberal and compassionate consideration to the moral problem presented by the pregnant woman who sincerely believes that her tragic life situation justifies abortion. Where such a woman seeks the counsel (or rather, the approval) of her pastor or priest, and where the counselor himself is satisfied that it is, indeed, beyond her power or society's to ameliorate or remedy her tragic situation—and beyond his to dissuade her from abortion—these authors seem willing to refrain from morally condemning her, on the grounds of her "invincible ignorance." In such a case, Professor Gustafson writes, "as the morally conscientious soldier fighting in a particular war is convinced that life can be and ought to be taken 'justly,' but also 'mournfully,' so the moralist can be convinced that the life of the defenseless fetus can be taken—less justly—but more mournfully." This position, Professor Gustafson insists, is not inconsistent with a priestly loyalty to the principle that abortion is, in the words of Vatican Council II, a "horrible crime."

Bernard Häring's chapter is especially recommended.

It will give heart and hope to the liberal Catholic intellectual who thinks that while the Church's position on abortion is morally well-grounded, its teaching should be refined and evolved to allow more for hard and tragic cases. Härung writes: "The Church's condemnation of abortion is only fully credible if at the same time, all possible effort is made to eliminate the chief causes of abortion." And: "A battle for better public opinion and for laws protecting the life of unborn children is only credible, honest and effective to the extent that all other genuine opportunities for social help in difficult situations are used to the utmost."

None of the authors, including Härung, suggests any remedy for the chief cause of abortion in many societies, which is grinding poverty, with all its attendant ills and evils.

TO APPROACH THIS SUBJECT would be, however, to confront at every level—moral, political and economic—the structuring of a male-dominated society in which women and children have always been, and still are, the main victims of its injustices. The intent of the authors is a narrower one. It is to challenge the legal and moral assumptions of the proponents of legalized abortion, in order to form American public opinion against further changes in our restrictive laws. As the general tone of the book is more magisterial than popular, its appeal is likely to be limited to academic and professional circles.

Lawyers and legislators, who are reluctantly confronting the many troublesome legal problems that revisions of our laws are bound to raise, will find Noonan's and Louisell's chapters rewarding. Doctors, clergymen and religious writers who share, or sympathize with, the authors' adamant convictions on the malice of abortion will also find in this erudite compendium a wealth of quotable and reworkable material. But the non-Catholic lay reader had better let the book alone, unless a literary and historical interest in the abortion controversy has cultivated in him a taste for the subtle arguments and exquisite distinctions which theologians, moralists and lawyers have so naturally—and properly—brought to this persistent question down the centuries.

Even though the problem of abortion is of passionate interest to women (being essentially a woman's problem), this book will find very few female readers. For, like so many of the books which learned men have written about "women's problems," this is really a book about the problem men are having with other men who refuse to see the "women's problem" as they do. The problem of the seven authors reviewed here is how to convince other moralists, lawyers and "separated brethren" that they should unite to prevent women (who else?) from getting abortions—legal or illegal. Not a single woman lawyer or moralist is quoted on a subject that is a uniquely female experience.

The motivations, psychology and emotions of women who face the trauma of induced abortion are given little attention. The book is so wholly fetus-oriented that the woman in whom the conceptus is enfolded is almost treated as "a thing," whose own life and well-being have little more value than if she were the mythical cabbage that "babies are found under." The question here is not of "taking the side of women," but of taking the

woman's side of the abortion question *into consideration*. The authors' failure to do so is unfortunate for their cause. For the abortion controversy is not likely to be settled in the masculine milieu where their papers will be most appreciated. It will be settled—and is being settled—in the political arena of a pluralistic society, and by an electorate that is now 50 per cent female.

The vast majority of women voters today (including many young Catholic women) seem to be in that very state of "invincible moral ignorance" which all the authors in this book deplore. But invincible in their ignorance, and armed with their votes, they seem determined to secure the passage of permissive abortion laws. (This writer, a resident of Hawaii, was a witness to the intense, and successful, pressure that women voters put on their state legislators to pass the Hawaiian legal abortion law of 1970.)

Härung is more aware than his co-authors of the crucial importance of catching the conscience of this electorate. "Only within the Church," he writes, "is the existence of a teaching a strong argument; in the dialogue with others it has little bearing. However, since legislation in a modern democratic state depends greatly on public opinion, all who are convinced about the need for certain legislation to protect the innocent life of the fetus should give due attention to the arts of influencing public opinion by appropriate methods and arguments."

The methods and arguments of this book are erudite and brilliant. But they are not appropriate to the prime task facing the opponents of legalized abortion. This is to convince *women* that abortion is a crime so horrible that a woman should prefer to suffer any agony of heart, mind or body—even to prefer her own death—rather than to commit it. It is to persuade one-half of the population (the female half) that every woman should be Christ-like, and suffer not only for her own sins, but for the sins of man and society against her. The task is not easy.

MOREOVER, women proponents of legal abortion are finding many allies among men. As Professor Noonan himself notes, "Abortion, once regarded as a secret and loathsome crime, a medical disaster or a tragic manifestation of human weakness, has been justified by the draftsmen of the American Law Institute, defended by the American Medical Association, applauded by the American Public Health Association, championed by the American Public Health Association, and publicized by the *New York Times*."

An even more profound influence is being exerted on public opinion—especially on educated young people—by the ecology, environment and population experts. The Church's rational teachings on contraception and abortion seem, to many people, irrational—and even *immoral*—in the light of demographic statistics and the ecological catastrophe that threatens our super-technological world. The population of the earth has multiplied seven times over in the past two centuries. If it is permitted to increase at its present rate, it may well reach psychological and biological limits in the lifetimes of today's young marrieds, and certainly in the lifetimes of their children.

Many young people in the West today believe that it

Important information for people 65 or older
and their children and relatives:

Protect your income and savings against big hospital bills



YOU CAN ... NOW ... FOR ONLY \$2.90 PER MONTH ... WITH AMERICAN LIFE'S

\$10,000 Medicare Supplement Plan

Pays you IN ADDITION to all other insurance.

GUARANTEED RENEWABLE for life or until \$10,000 paid per person.

This message is of special interest to men and women 65 or older who are automatically covered by the U.S. Government Medicare Hospital Plan.

It tells about the wonderful new \$10,000 American Life Medicare Supplement Plan which gives you full protection, in accordance with the benefits described, against big hospital bills.

pays hospital costs which Medicare does not cover.

U.S. Government Medicare Plan A pays only PART OF THE COSTS after 60 days* and ONE OF THE COSTS after 90 days of hospital confinement. This is why it is important that you have the full, low-cost additional protection of the new American Life Medicare Supplement Plan.

We never know when one of a score of diseases or accidents may strike, requiring a long hospital stay—such as heart attack, stroke, cancer, vascular disorder or a broken hip. Statistics show that people 65 years or older are hospitalized at least twice as long as those under 65.

How about you? Do you have enough income to cover big, unexpected hospital bills? Do you have enough savings to handle such long-term emergencies which could cost you thousands of dollars?

Just one long hospital stay may plunge you to poverty, cause you to lose your life savings and make you dependent on others.

But you need not be exposed to these hazards!

Now... for only \$2.90 a month per person... you can protect your income and your life savings against such perils with the new \$10,000 American Life Medicare Supplement Plan.

This new, low-cost plan pays up to \$10,000 tax-free benefits per person under an easy-to-understand policy. The money is paid directly to you (or to the hospital, if you prefer). No matter how long you stay in the hospital, there's no time limit for each confinement up to \$10,000 total benefits per person.

WIVES, DAUGHTERS, RELATIVES: You can protect your loved ones 65 or older against

the burden of a big hospital bill (as well as a drain on your own income and savings) by taking out a policy for your parents or relatives NOW. Just fill in the application form today and have the person to be insured sign it. We will gladly bill you for the low quarterly, semi-annual or annual premiums after you have received your policy.

**ENROLLMENTS CLOSING—MAIL APPLICATION TODAY
NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED
NO SALESMAN WILL CALL**

Send no money until after you receive your policy

The present enrollment offer is open for a limited time only. Regardless of whether you participate in the U.S. Government Medicare program (if you are under Social Security or Railroad Retirement you are automatically covered by the U.S. Medicare Plan A insurance), you are eligible to enroll under the American Life Medicare Supplement Plan. But you must enroll now to collect the benefits. As long as you are 65 years or older, there's no age limit. Both husband and wife

can enroll (a spouse can join when reaching 65) and enjoy equal benefits for the same low premium per person.

Upon acceptance of your enrollment, we will send you your American Life Medicare Supplement Plan Policy and your Hospital Identification Card. You will also receive a premium payment notice covering the first quarterly premium at the rate of \$2.90 per month per person (the cost will be even lower if you pay the premium for six months or a year). Upon receipt of the policy, if you are not completely satisfied, you owe nothing.

Don't risk your income and your savings. Don't saddle your children or relatives with your hospital debts. Don't miss this wonderful opportunity to be financially independent.

*Exclusive of the 60-day "lifetime reserve"

Can I have confidence in American Life Insurance Company?

Yes! For over 40 years, since 1928, American Life Insurance Company has faithfully served policy holders. Serving policy holders from Coast to Coast; noted for fast claim service, American Life is licensed under the laws of its state of domicile and carries full legal reserves for the protection of all policy holders. Policies are effective and honored by the Company regardless of your state of residence.

Founded in 1928
AMERICAN LIFE
221 North La Salle Street



Over 40 years of Service
INSURANCE COMPANY
Chicago, Illinois 60601 • FR 2-5722

AL-6710

ENROLLMENT FORM	
\$10,000 AMERICAN MEDICARE SUPPLEMENT PLAN • SPECIAL — APPLY NOW IF YOU ARE 65 OR OLDER	
to: AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY • 221 N. LaSalle Street • Chicago, Illinois 60601	
Please enroll me (and my wife or husband if named below) in the \$10,000 AMERICAN MEDICARE SUPPLEMENT Plan. Please send my policy and Hospital Identification Card now. I understand this protection will be in addition to the first quarterly premium of \$2.90 per person I pay.	
My name _____ (please print)	My Date of Birth _____
My address _____ (street) _____ (city) _____ (state) _____ (zip code)	
ENROLL YOUR SPOUSE HERE: First name of wife or husband _____; date of birth _____	
SIGN HERE X _____	
☐ Please send me a free copy of Social Security Administration Booklet SSI-43, on Government Medicare.	
☐ Please send extra enrollment forms for my friends or relatives.	
FOUNDED 1928 • PROTECTING AMERICAN FAMILIES FOR OVER 40 YEARS	
C-966	PLEASE DO NOT SEND ANY MONEY. You will be billed later.
NR 11	

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is not only their right to control the size of their families, but that it has become their moral duty to society itself to limit them to at most three children. (This reviewer has recently had a letter from a happily married mother of two children, who is determined to abort her third pregnancy as a "voluntary sacrifice" to "the millions of already half-starving children who are being brought into the world in the underprivileged countries." . . . "Americans must show the world," she wrote, "that the overpopulation problem *can* be solved, if people only have the moral will to solve it. . . . How I wish we lived in the kind of world in which women could have all the children they want.")

THEOLOGICALLY AND MORALLY, her Abramic notion of "a human sacrifice" to "a better world" is indefensible. And she may just be rationalizing her (and her husband's) own selfishness. But the point here is that what was once considered an immoral attitude by the whole Christian West is now being presented as a moral, and unselfish, attitude.

The task of changing public opinion on abortion is, indeed, hourly becoming more difficult, and more thankless. Here, non-Catholics should be reminded that the Constitution grants citizens who, nevertheless, feel obliged, in conscience, to pursue it, the constitutional right to do so. There is no validity whatsoever in the popular (and bigoted) argument that Catholics who work against legalized abortion are trying to "force" their religious beliefs on others. In our society, every citizen is free to argue for or against legislation which he sincerely believes affects the general welfare. Regardless of his own religious affiliations, he has, for example, the right to argue for or against the legalization of marijuana, or other drugs; for or against the private possession of firearms; for or against a change in the divorce laws; for or against censorship, the draft system, the death penalty etc. The fact that legalized abortion would not deprive Catholics of their right to teach that abortion is wrong, nor the faithful of their right *not* to abort, does not, consequently, deprive them of the right to vote against legal abortion, and to persuade others to do likewise.

But the opponents of legalized abortion will do well to remember that they are trying to confront a new world condition with an old morality. If the old Christian morality is to prevail, then benign and practical solutions for the new conditions, which now threaten the well-being of mankind itself, must be proposed. If contraception and abortion are not, in the eyes of God, moral solutions to a polluted, poverty-stricken, overpopulated world, what, then, *are* the solutions? Common sense suggests that they must be as revolutionary as they are Christian. Neither laissez-faire economics, nor laissez-faire fertility, will suffice to solve the problems that are the causes of most abortions.

A final point: In the United States, if A murders B, a crime has certainly been committed. If A is a cruel and selfish adult, who has premeditated the act, and if, furthermore, B is an innocent, totally helpless person, the murder is considered by all to be a heinous crime.

And the penalty the law exacts for it (after due process and jury trial) is prescribed: life imprisonment or death. Surely the authors agree that the essence of sound penal law is that the punishment should fit the crime. Nevertheless, they completely ignore the question of what punishment our laws should mete out to fetal murderesses, whose crime, they insist, is the same crime that it would be if it were committed against a born person. This very evasion suggests that, while intellectually they view abortion as murder, emotionally they view it as something that is, after all, not *quite* murder.

If abortion *is* a proper concern of the law, those who wish to make, or keep, abortion illegal, and a crime tantamount to murder, are logically bound to suggest what just punishment the law should provide and enforce on women who violate the law. For a law which carries no penalties commensurate to the crime, and which is not also vigorously enforced, is little more than a religious or moral precept.

II

Mr. Callahan has written an exhaustive—and sometimes exhausting—treatise on abortion. Induced abortion is the world's most practiced form of birth control. It is estimated that thirty to fifty million women a year resort to it to end unwanted pregnancies. In Catholic countries, no less than in non-Catholic countries, in underprivileged countries no less than in industrialized ones, abortion is an ever-growing social problem. The problem cannot be solved. It can only be coped with. That it cannot be coped with in the absence of laws explicitly designed to cope, is the one point on which a wide consensus exists.

Mr. Callahan's major concern is with the formulation of an abortion policy for our pluralistic, democratic society that the American people can morally "live with." But the working assumption of his book is that this formulation cannot be made without all the available data, some well-developed social theories with which to interpret the data, and an antecedent moral bias in favor of the value, dignity or sanctity of *all* human life, especially fetal life.

WORKING ON GRANTS from the Population Council and the Ford Foundation, the author and his team of researchers spent four years gathering material. They traveled in many Asian, European and Latin American countries, studying the rationale and social consequences of various models of abortion laws.

Mr. Callahan examines and weighs this impressive mass of data in the balance with the legal, medical, moral, social and philosophical attitudes on abortion that are most prevalent in American society. The result of his ample, and very readable, inquiry is the most comprehensive analysis of this complex question that has yet appeared.

The three existing models of law, or schemes for regulating and coping with abortion, which Callahan examines are: 1) restrictive laws, which prohibit all abortion, except where the medical indications are that

he life of the mother is threatened; 2) moderate laws, which permit abortion by qualified persons when previously authorized by independent officials, for more or less well-defined medical, psychiatric or quasimedical "indications"; and 3) permissive laws, which allow all abortions, save those performed by persons unqualified to carry out the medical procedures.

The first, or "restrictive" scheme, was, for centuries, the scheme of all Christian countries. Thirty-one of the states have statutes that permit abortion only to save the mother's life. The others have laws that provide additional indications. There are a variety of approaches to these laws, both to the permissible indications and the stage of pregnancy at which it is legal to destroy the conceptus. New York and Hawaii now have more or less permissive laws.

The second legal model is the "moderate" scheme of regulation, which prevails in Denmark and Sweden.

The third model, "permissive" law, has been in force for some decades in Japan, Russia and the Eastern European countries and (since 1967) in Great Britain.

It is impossible, in the space allotted to this review, even to note the country-by-country variations that exist in these models. Some permissive laws are more permissive than others, some moderate laws are more moderate than others, and some restrictive laws are more restrictive than others. Nevertheless, each model produces certain significant social effects of its own.

1) The effects of permissive abortion laws in countries where cheap, plentiful and medically proficient abortion facilities are also provided are: a) the virtual disappearance of self-induced abortion and of the illegal abortionist, b) a steady annual increase in the number of abortions and the abortion rate per thousand of population, c) a small drop in the abortion death rate, and d) a steady—and sometimes dramatic—annual decline in the birth rate.

THE DATA would also seem to show that permissive abortion laws tend to foster an "abortion mentality" in those countries where cheap and reliable contraceptives (UD and "The Pill") were not available before the laws were passed. Where any efforts have been made to break women of the "abortion habit," and establish the "contraception habit" instead, it soon becomes apparent that intensive public educational programs will be required on the part of officials and medical authorities. Such efforts as have been made so far have not succeeded. Even in countries where contraceptives were widely used prior to the passage of the permissive laws, many women still resort to birth control by abortion. (In Great Britain, almost 50 per cent of the women legally aborted in 1968 admitted to being fully aware of the availability of contraceptives. Many of these women were unmarried, said they were not using contraceptives at the time of conception because they had had no intention, beforehand, of having intercourse.)

2) The abortion data and statistics from Denmark and Sweden, countries with moderate laws, but where contraceptives are also available, are particularly difficult to analyze. For example, how much of a drop in

the birth rate should be attributed to a rise in the abortion rate, how much to the wider use of contraceptives, and how much to other social or sociological factors? (It has been suggested that, in the United States, the effect of night-time TV viewing on the procreative habits of married couples may be contraceptive!) In any event, it would seem safe to suggest, as Mr. Callahan does, that the moderate regulatory scheme does not work as codified. Under the pressure of the "abortion demand," officials tend to interpret the prescribed "indications" for abortion more or less permissively.

The best indication of the strictness with which officials and physicians, in any period, are interpreting "moderate" laws is a rise in the *illegal* abortion rate. For in countries with "moderate" laws, illegal abortion persists. Women who are refused abortion often see themselves as victims of medical quibbles, legal technicalities or the red-tape of officialdom, and many then repair to the illegal abortionist. They do so the more readily because their society has legally accepted the morality of abortion. Others, with the financial means to do so, go to countries with more permissive laws. Ten per cent of the women legally aborted in England last year were "tourists." It would seem that moderate schemes of regulation, no less than permissive ones, also tend to foster an "abortion mentality." Mr. Callahan's interpretation of his data strongly suggests that the model of the "moderate" law is essentially unstable.

3) Complete and reliable abortion statistics for countries with restrictive laws are, obviously, impossible to collect. Self-induced and "backroom" abortions are always secretly performed, and no records are kept. The only hard statistics show up on police blotters, in hospital records for admissions for bungled abortions, and in the illegal abortion death statistics. Other statistics are largely extrapolations from surveys and medical and sociological data.

However, such data for the United States as the Callahan team has been able to collect and collate strongly indicate that the more impassioned advocates of legalized abortion have wildly exaggerated the number of illegal abortions annually performed, and the resultant illnesses and deaths. Surveys of the medical profession indicate that a considerable number of illegal abortions are "legally" performed in hospitals, by qualified physicians, under medical "indications" for therapeutic curettage.* The most exhaustive research has convinced the author that not more than five hundred deaths a year can be attributed to illegally induced abortions, but that a figure of 500,000-600,000 illegal abortions a year may be a reasonable one. (The Planned Parenthood Conference, in 1968, held that "there is no objective basis for choosing between estimates of 200,000 and 1,200,000 a year.")

Mr. Callahan leaves no doubt in the reader's mind that he views contraception as a far better way to deal with the problem of unwanted pregnancy than abortion.

All data show that the physical hazards of illegal abortion are greater than the hazards of legal abortion. But the author points out that legal abortion, as well as

*Only recently McGee Women's Hospital in Pittsburgh disclosed that it had performed nine hundred "therapeutic" abortions. The authorities suggested that "therapeutic" abortions were common practice in all Pennsylvania city hospitals.

illegal abortion has *sequelae*: There is a higher rate of sterility, uterine-connected disorders and complications among women who are aborted than among those who use contraceptive methods, or bring their pregnancies to term. Probably the most excruciatingly painful abortions, and the most dangerous to life and health, are self-induced abortions, the form most commonly practiced in the poorer Catholic countries.

The general conclusions Callahan draws from statistical data are:

1) The restrictive scheme probably secures a lower abortion rate per thousand of population than the other two regulatory schemes. But it cannot mitigate the "evils" of illegal abortion, and it cannot stamp it out. This failure inescapably brings the law into wide disrepute. Countries that wish to maintain restrictive schemes, *and* at the same time lessen the illegal abortion rate, have little hope of doing so unless they are willing, a) to embark on massive contraception programs, and b) at the same time, ruthlessly to prosecute illegal abortionists, and c) to expose and prosecute the women who get illegal abortions.

2) Moderate schemes, in their attempt to combine the best features of the other two regulatory schemes, fail to do so. Moderate laws, like restrictive laws, come into disrepute, and the unsatisfied "abortion demand" is met by illegal abortions performed at home, and legal abortions secured in more permissive countries.

3) Permissive abortion laws virtually stamp out illegal abortion and its "evils," but they result in a sometimes startling increase in the annual abortion rate. This is true, however, only in countries, like Japan, where abortion is not only bedrock cheap, but also where ample facilities exist. In the already overpopulated and underprivileged countries, such as India, abortion laws, however permissive, can have little effect, because all other factors apart the medical facilities just do not exist. But as Callahan himself emphasizes again and again as he reviews the legal and statistical aspects of abortion, no analysis of them will yield the answers to what model of law would be best for America. This answer must depend on the answer which a pluralist society gives to another question—the core question: Can legal abortion be justified unless abortion itself—which is indisputably the taking of human life in one form—be morally justified?

Mr. Callahan does not evade this central question. On the contrary, he wrestles with it at every level at which it surfaces, legal, theological, personal and social, as mightily as Jacob wrestled with the Angel.

Placing the position taken by the Catholic Church at one extreme of the controversial spectrum and the position held by the "way out" feminists at the other, Mr. Callahan expounds them, and many in-between views, with a thoroughness that sometimes betrays him into verbosity, and a conscientiousness that verges on scrupulosity. Nevertheless, the very care with which he expatiates on the entire range of abortion polemics is precisely what makes his book an invaluable documentary.

Mr. Callahan, himself a Catholic with a strong belief in the "sanctity" of human life, devotes many pages to a sympathetic and respectful consideration of his

Church's position. As necessarily oversimplified by this reviewer, this position is that fetal life is both essentially and potentially human, from the moment of conception to the hour of birth, and that, consequently, the wilful, or premeditated destruction of it is a crime tantamount to murder. The theological ground for this argument is that "God is the Lord of Life" whose *unequivocal* command is, "Thou shalt not kill"—period. In the case of the pregnant woman who aborts her fetus, the Church interprets this unequivocal command unequivocally.

Mr. Callahan points out that in respect of the morality of killing potentialized human life, the Church's position is a good deal more elastic—and so, of course, is the law's. For it is man (both as theologian and lawmaker) who has advocated and encoded the equivocal laws which make some killings "justifiable homicide," others, manslaughter, and still others, first- or second-degree murder.

Man decides that the citizen who lynches his neighbor is a criminal worthy of death but that the citizen who hangs him for it is a public servant doing his duty, and is without guilt. Man finds extenuating circumstances and acquits the husband who kills his wife and her lover when he surprises them in the act of adultery. Man legally summons vast and terrible armies of trained killers into being, and sends them to war, and then finds moral grounds to justify their slaughtering, not only enemy combatants, but innocent women and children. Man permits his fellow-man to kill with moral impunity, on the grounds not only of self-defense, but on the grounds that he also has the moral right to defend his family, his nation and his society, and all the material and spiritual values they represent.

Man (both as lawmaker and theologian) denies this moral right to a pregnant woman, no matter how life-threatening or life-devastating is the situation in which she finds herself, and deems her to be a murderess when she aborts her fetus. Man, as lawmaker and theologian, has been seen again and again in history to change his mind—and reverse himself—on what constitutes "murder." (For some centuries, the Church held to the view that fetal life was not essentially human life until the moment of "ensoulment," and that abortion before that moment was, therefore, *not* a crime.) It is, to say the least, an ambivalent morality that says masses for pilots before they set forth to wipe out villages and cities, but consigns a woman who defends the values of her life by killing her own fetus, to eternal hell-fire.

God's opinion of the elasticity with which man has interpreted his unequivocal commandment must await Judgment Day. But meanwhile, it would seem that, at any given hour in history, He permits lawmakers and theologians to have as much, or as little, "murder" as they want.

Mr. Callahan stoutly rejects any morality which, by giving *absolute* rights to the fetus, inescapably denies all rights to the woman in whom it is enfleshed, to her family, and beyond them, to society itself. The question, in relation to society, turns, of course, on society's moral and legal right to protect itself against a threat that may even be more dire than war—the threat of overpopulation. Life conditions in India are a paradigm

of what life conditions are bound to be in many other societies around the world—perhaps in the entire world—if this threat is not surmounted. Is it moral or responsible, in the name of the Lord of Life, to defend an anti-birth-control policy whose effect will certainly be to create life conditions in which famine, disease and endless wars for living room become the lot of the living?

Mr. Callahan rejects any morality which, projected into policy, can degrade and even destroy civilization itself. He believes that a true concern for the dignity of man and the sanctity of life requires a regard for the right of society to protect itself against the evils and ravages of overpopulation. Mr. Callahan sees the abortion conflict as a conflict between human rights at many levels—fetal, maternal, family and social. No legal solution can be considered “moral” that does not accord some equity to all these rights.

At the other end of the spectrum of the abortion controversy, Mr. Callahan places the extreme feminist view. His view holds that a woman’s right over her own uterus—the right to fill it, or empty it—is *absolute*. While Callahan believes that the emancipation of woman demands that she be accorded some rights over her body, he has little patience with the view that her rights could be *absolute*. Also, he notes that many of the extreme feminists have an unscientific disregard for the nature of fetal life. They are prone to view the conceptus as “part of a woman’s own body,” which until the very hour of birth, is nothing more than a “vegetating piece of unborn matter” as “something” which grows out of the uterine tissue, somewhat akin to a mole, boil or a malignancy. This, of course, is fetological nonsense. A conceptus, at any stage of its development, is an unseparated, but separate, human life.

The point at which a conceptus may be artificially separated with least danger to the mother, and with least offense to human sensibilities, is a central controversy. Mr. Callahan discusses fully under its legal, moral and medical aspects.

IN THE END, Mr. Callahan comes down on the side of permissive abortion law for the United States. A due regard for the rights of women leads him to believe that only a permissive law will give her adequate freedom of choice in respect to her uterus. A due regard for the rights of the fetus—and of society—however, requires a denial to her of *absolute* rights. And a due regard for the dignity of the law brings him to the conclusion that the only abortion law which does not fall into dispute—and which does not encourage a *criminal* abortion mentality—is the permissive model. Here, common sense must tell us that there is something wrong with a law that turns a substantial part of a population, which is otherwise law-abiding and decent, into a criminal class, a class of murderers.

In the United States, where the restrictive abortion law prevails, an extrapolation of estimated illegal abortion figures could fix the number of “murderesses” living today in our midst at between twenty and forty million. Moreover, there is something very ambivalent about the attitude of restrictive lawmakers and law-enforcers:

They have consistently refused to hunt down, prosecute and punish these “criminals.” This ambivalence suggests that they do not, themselves, believe that abortion is *really* the crime of murder. Or that if it is, it falls more often than not into some still legally undefined category of “justifiable homicide.”

This ambivalence toward women who abort exists, in practice, in the Church. The intellectual horror with which theologians view abortion tends to dissipate when the priest, in his rectory, or confessional, is confronted by a desperate woman, who is contemplating abortion. When he fails to convince her of the gravity of the crime she is about to commit, he does not alert the police to restrain her, or to hunt her down afterward and punish her for this “heinous crime.” In practice, the priest generally “leaves her to God,” in whose hands she is safer than in the hands of many theologians.

MR. CALLAHAN CLOSES on the warning that all models of the law have their advantages and disadvantages, and none can be expected to work perfectly.

With this caveat, he provides his own “ideal permissive law” for the United States. This law would 1) permit abortion on request up to twelve weeks. After that, a woman would be required to give serious reasons. 2) It would provide pre-abortion counseling services. Trained personnel (other than the doctor) would inform her of all the possible medical *sequelae* of abortion, and would suggest other solutions to the problem that made her desire the abortion. Psychiatric counseling, and marriage counseling, financial assistance in finding post-natal “mother’s helpers,” assistance in finding better housing etc., would be offered. Contraceptive counseling would be given, in order to prevent future abortions. 3) The law would include a “conscience” clause which would permit doctors and nurses the right *not* to perform, or assist at, abortions. 4) It would require that all abortions be performed by qualified persons, and that records be kept. 5) It would provide post-abortion care and consultation. 6) It would make abortion fees nominal for those who could not afford to pay. (If abortion legislation is not to become class legislation, and if the “cheap, backroom abortionist” is to be put out of business, legal abortion must be available to the poorest classes in society.)

Mr. Callahan concludes his work with this paragraph:

It may be counted a social and technological advance that abortion is becoming legally possible and medically safe as a method of procreation control where other methods have failed. But it is, at best, an advance to be looked upon with ambivalence. A single and faint cheer only is in order. Any method which requires the taking of human life, even though that life be far more potential than actual, falls short of the human aspiration, in mankind’s better moments, of dignifying and protecting life. The time for loud cheering will come when, through a still more refined technological development, a method of birth control is discovered which does not require that we make a choice between the life of a conceptus and those other human values and goods we count important. It is possible to settle for and become comfortable with bad choices. It is better to seek good ones. □

IT'S NOT EASY to straighten people like Marvin out, but I figure someone has to try. A few weeks ago, while he was out working in his garden, I started telling him about an article I had just read in *McCall's Magazine*. It's called "Therefore Choose Life" and it's about a talk between Tom Wicker and George Wald, the famous biologist.

"Harvard, you say?"

"Yes, but that's beside the point, Marvin. The important thing is that he's one of the few people over thirty young people trust. You've got to open your mind to new ideas, Marvin."

He put down his trowel and lit a cigar. "All right, what does he say?"

"First of all, he says that we've had untold power and wealth and look at what we've done with it. Now we're asking the kids to pull our chestnuts out of the fire."

"That's a new idea?"

"Let me go on. George Wald can see things from the kids' standpoint. He sees how with the draft and wars and everything, we've made a mighty unpleasant world for them."

"We've made it unpleasant? Haven't the Russians and the Red Chinese and some of those other guys had anything to do with it?"

"Of course they have, Marvin," I said soothingly.

"Does he mention them?"

"He doesn't actually. But I'm sure he had them in mind too and if the article had been a little longer he would have gotten around to it. You see, he's indicting the whole generation, all of us, wherever we live. Frankly, Marvin, you've got to look beyond the details if you're going to get the message."

He took a drag on his cigar. There aren't many men, it ought to be said, who make friends with a cigar like Marvin. I held my breath as it dawned on me that I might finally be getting somewhere with him. He hadn't yet brought up the subject of his boyhood, the Depression, or the walk he took from Omaha Beach to Berlin during World War II. There's always a good bit of that sort of thing to be gotten out of the way before Marvin can begin to see clearly.

"Okay. What else?"

"Everything, Marvin." I ticked them off, from nuclear stockpiles to the hypocrisy of the Establishment. "Oh, and let's not forget despoliation of the environment. But I guess I don't have to say much about that one."

"Hardly." Marvin's daughter Peggy is

a campus leader in antipollution causes. He gave a sigh. "You know, little Peggy tells me exactly how many milligrams of contaminants I send into the atmosphere with each and every puff of my cigar."

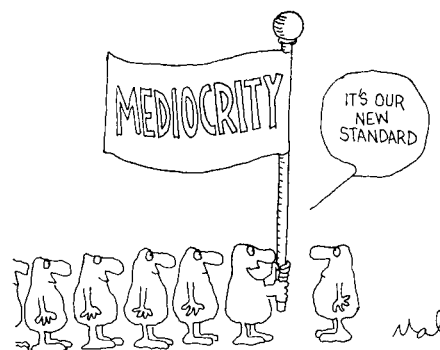
"You've got to hand it to these kids."

"Yeah." For a moment he seemed to be looking beyond the garden and velvet lawn that were his pride. His shoulders straightened as if with some unseen resolve.

It may take Marvin a little longer than some people but when he gets hold of an idea, he really takes it to heart.

The next time I saw him he seemed a different person. His cigar was gone and he was working on his yard with the brisk vigor of a man years younger. He broke off whistling a tune to tell me that he had suggested to Peggy that she invite her group down to hold their next meeting at home.

"And what's more," he said in the pleased but wondering tone of a man who still can't quite believe what's happening, "she liked the idea. Said they were having trouble finding places to meet."



"Marvin, that's great. What's the purpose of this one?"

"I think it's Clean Rivers, but then again it might be something else. Peggy's not too specific about these things. I gather it's sort of what we'd call a conference . . . or a symposium. But they call it . . ."

"Rapping?"

"Yeah. She said they were going to

HOW'S THAT?

George Tells It to Marvin

R. H. SMITH

. . . verbalize their position. They really do talk that way."

"You're communicating, Marvin. You're in touch." In my excitement I gave him a slap on the back. "A George Wald says, we've got to let these kids show us the way."

THE DAY AFTER the big session found Marvin outside in the yard. He was cleaning up and evidently he had been at it some time because he had already filled several trash barrels with litter. Something in his expression checked the questions I was going to ask and I simply fell in beside him giving hand. Finally I had to speak.

"Marvin, this is a disgrace. I don't blame you for what you must be thinking about this mess."

"No." His tone was surprisingly mild and steady, a contrast to my own indignation. "Matter of fact, Peggy explained that."

"She did?"

"She said she was sorry they couldn't stay to clean up, but they had another session planned for today. Clean Mountain Air, I think. Somewhere halfway across the state."

I didn't say anything more until the last scrap had been picked up.

"Marv?"

"Yes?" He was surveying his yard again with that fond and private expression I had seen before. He lit a cigar. There was something else about him that I couldn't quite put my finger on.

"All I can say is I think your attitude is tremendously commendable. It would be so easy for you to make too much of this thing, to react as so many people would. But you're keeping your perspective. As George Wald says, we've got to look beyond the immediate and learn all we can from these kids. . . ."

I didn't go on. Deep in his eyes I detected a gleam that made me hesitate. I watched him take a soulful drag on his cigar. Man and the cigar were again one. Marvin spoke at last.

"I'm learning."

PLAYING IT STRAIGHT



FOR NOW

One has heard about this place. This is where the big rock groups play, where little girl groupies jump up on the stage and do terrible things, where you can get high just breathing the *air*. In we go, The Kid and I, past a flock of scruffies soliciting "spare tickets." Paranoia! I'll be the only person in the place without knee-length hair. I'll be mistaken for John Mitchell. Charles Manson will step to the microphone and announce that a straight has been spotted in Row E, will everybody please kill him. And The Kid—he is not mine, he has been entrusted to my care, how can I take him back to his parents in Connecticut with frizzed hair and needle-tracks all up and down his arms? What the hell am I *doing* here?

What I am doing is walking into what used to be a fancy movie theater—a "picture palace," they probably called it when it opened in the 1930s. Now it's the Fillmore East. Long upgrade through the lobby. We wander a while, looking for a friend who is supposed to be here tonight. Occupancy by more than 2,438 people is unlawful and dangerous.

It's filling up fast. This truly is a politer generation. When one is jostled, the jostler says, "Excuse me"; soon one finds oneself replying, "That's okay." I don't feel all that out of place. The median age is nineteen or twenty; most of the hair is my length or a little longer.

Once again my theory is confirmed: It's not the hair that matters, or the clothes—it's the eyes. Most of the kids have bright, alert eyes; a minority have vacant, wandering eyes and with them the slack jaw and adolescent spine-slump of absolute *Weltschmerz*, utter defeat. You saw the same eyes, jaw, slump in my own adolescence, on boys who wore ducktails, kept their Marlboros in the rolled-up sleeves of their T-shirts, and hung around on corners.

We find our seats with the help of an usher who, like all the ushers here, wears a white T-shirt with the word

PLEASE stenciled across the front and a peace symbol on the back. The lights dim; matches flare and the smell of cannabis drifts through the air. A pleasant-looking kid in a CCNY shirt asks if we have anything to smoke. We haven't.

On the stage, darkness made visible by the red jewel lights of the monster amplifiers that stretch in a row all the way across. Figures bumble back and forth, adjusting things, fetching and carrying. At last (only ten or fifteen minutes late) the stage lights come up and there stand the Grateful Dead. Only they aren't the hard-rocking Dead yet; they open in their soft-country persona of Bobby Ace and the Cards from the Bottom.

The music is, except for the bass, unamplified, with vocals in close harmony—pure country. I want to watch the band but I'm distracted by the light show, giant splashes and patterns in constant motion projected on a stupendous screen at the back of the stage. It fits not at all with the clean, precise, rather modest country sounds, this holdover from the acid-rock days of the mid-Sixties when everything was psychedelic including the Dead.

Psychedelic they no longer are. Three or four songs in, they go very gently into "Silver Threads and Golden Needles"—the first country song I ever liked. With that, they have me. We wander around the country together until the set ends with "Uncle John's Band" from their album, *Workingman's Dead* (which buy). The song is a joy—straight, unpretentious, cheerful (but not bubble-gum "happy"), a confident invitation to relax and listen to the music.

Intermission time. We go in search of our friend. The lobby is jammed; the upstairs lounge where refreshments are sold even worse. I like the refreshment stand—at what other concert hall in the city may one buy eleven different flavors of yogurt? We struggle back through the crowd. I've stopped *noticing* the kids. I suppose I feel at home.

The second set brings us another

facet of the Dead: the New Riders of the Purple Sage, an electric country group, led by Jerry Garcia on electric steel pedal guitar (that's the instrument responsible for the high, shimmering twangs that are the trademark of "hard," Nashville-style country music). No harmonizing now; all the singing is done by one Marmaduke, a good enough country vocalist who sounds, in fact, like he has an electric steel pedal of his own, right in his larynx. I don't much care for this set—the music is too hoked-up, not simple and direct the way I like my country.

ANOTHER INTERMISSION, still no friend, then the third set. This is what the crowd's been waiting for: An electric sign descends from the flies—"GRATEFUL DEAD." Off we go—hard, hard rock with all the amplifiers burning up. For the rest of the night, the whole house is on its feet, clapping and swaying. One kid a couple of rows away from us jerks his body in a steady rhythm, eyes closed, head lolling—but then he's been doing that most of the night, probably through the intermissions too. He and one very stoned shorthair in the lounge are the only freakouts we've seen all night. Everybody else is in touch with the music.

Which is good rock, every once in a while slightly countrified. I watch them play (damn the light show!)—not perform, just play: Garcia is on a regular electric guitar now, pulling unbelievable sounds out of the thing. He stands, perfectly relaxed, his great teddy-bear head nodding slightly, absorbed in what he's doing. The two drummers are perfectly together. Everything is effortless. There is no self-conscious thrashing around; the music comes through clear, without the veneer of hostility and anger that is the stock in trade of so many groups. Playing it straight has been the keynote of the whole evening (the only political

(Continues on page 49)

SENSITIVITY AND SENSUALITY



FROM THE ACADEMY

As I wrote in this page recently, the latest oddity in some school systems is "Sensitivity Training"—often a form of public emotionalism and exhibitionism that can do real mischief to genuinely sensitive children. There writes to me a gentleman in Florida who has been through the sensitivity mill, and, thankfully, has retained his sense of humor.

This gentleman recently earned a master's degree in school counseling; in the process, he was exposed to the "sensitivity" zealots of pedagogy. Here are some of his observations.

"Let one who has been through the sensitivity mill give you inside corroboration," he begins. "Some sensitivity training is fine: well presented by qualified and sensitive people who try to tell the less-attuned how to listen to youngsters—listen above and below the verbal level, so that real problems can be heard by the ear of the heart and then discussed—and, hopefully, dealt with constructively.

"Unfortunately, this kind of training isn't nearly so widespread as the other type. This latter kind, featured in *Life* and *Look*, is more widely discussed and, I suspect, seriously considered to be of value, even by those in academe not afflicted by incipient satyriasis and nymphomania.

"Esalen Institute—which I have renamed Bellybutton Tech—is the chief investigator of the salubrious effects and heightened sensitivity that accrue to those who stand around, nerves quivering, unclothed.

"Skin or clothing, in my view, is completely extraneous to sensitivity. When one is truly sensitive, habiliment is not important. So what does that mean to the fondlers and disrobers among the 'sensitivity training' people? I have an opinion that the navel-gapers find such a system either an excellent way to stimulate their lagging sexual appetites or find this a socially approved way to satisfactions otherwise inaccessible.

"I'm not knocking sex—for sex, money and paperwork are what makes the world go round," this correspondent continues. "What causes my acute discomfort is the hypocrisy of the propounders of this silly and dangerous therapy. Can you imagine what the side effects of a really involved counseling session would be?

"I distinctly recall one professor declaiming in class: 'If I were offered a choice by a client (trade talk for one who seeks counseling) for a rich and full association or not to be able to help her, I would unhesitatingly select the rich and full association.' This later was translated to mean whatever the situation might lead to—including, since the professor was married, adultery.

"As for the 'frankness' sessions, I have been a participant in some of these, and they're almost uniformly bad. One authority stated in class that this type of therapy is undergoing the vacillations of any newly publicized educational technique. It is now in the nascent stage, wherein too many inexperienced practitioners are using it with some very bad effects on the group members. I think of three people who were severely traumatized by their experience.

"Were it not for the damage to children, and to the college-aged youngsters, I would consider such forms of sensitivity-training merely another academic fad, practiced by the inadequate and the incompetent.

"Perhaps Esalen should charge admission and allow the unlettered and unsensitively trained public to witness the votaries at their exposed play. This would make the moral burgher a bit happier that, but for the grace of a most compassionate Deity, there tranced he."

Aye, a mad world, my masters. And some of the maddest folk in it are certain gentry who claim that they have developed sensitivity-training techniques leading toward a higher sanity.

Now how is it that American public schools—and some parochial and private

schools, too—have fallen into this craziness? Dr. Thomas Molnar, in the new edition of his mordant book *The Future of American Education* (Fleet), goes to the heart of the matter:

"Our American society turns to its schools each time it picks up a new fad or proposes to itself an ephemeral task," Professor Molnar writes in his epilogue. "Thus the school can never quietly perform its traditional duties, since it is supposed to accommodate every novelty and to experiment with the result of the latest brainstorm."

SENSITIVITY TRAINING is new, exciting and celebrated in *Look* and *Playboy*; besides, fondling somebody is ever so much easier than imparting the ethical understanding. Thought always is painful; and if you spend an hour or two crawling around the floor, shouting epithets, and perhaps patting some other pupil where that pupil is handiest, you've postponed the hard necessity of thought. You can become as sensitive as monkeys in a zoological garden. And schools of education can fill pages of their catalogs with descriptions of curricula in Sensitivity Training; also there become available more jobs for the boys—for boys incompetent, perhaps, to teach any intellectual discipline, let alone stimulate the moral imagination.

Let me conclude with some lines from "Group Life: Letchworth," by that wise comic poet Mr. John Betjeman. (For Letchworth, read Esalen):

"Wittle-tittle, wittle-tittle
Toodle-oodle ducky-birds,
What a lot my dicky chicky
Tiny tots have done.
Wouldn't it be jolly now,
To take our Aertex panthers off
And have a jolly tumble in
The jolly, jolly sun?"

There's sensitivity, togetherness, George Leonard and Herbert Marcuse for you, done to a turn. □



GRAB BAG

NOW! THE SECOND ANNUAL "DELECTATIONS" COMPETITION! Competitors are asked to match the title of a familiar book with that of a familiar person. Examples, courtesy of Mrs. Barbara Byfield and myself: *Peter Rabbit*—Hugh Hefner; *Little Red Riding Hood*—Svetlana Alliluyeva; *Mother Goose*—Tiny Tim; *Arabian Nights*—Golda Meir; *Snow White and the Seven Dwarves*—Judge Julius Hoffman. Enter at least three titles by January 31, 1971. The Competition will be judged by your high-minded and incorruptible editors Buckley, Buckley, Simonds and Hazelton, who will award three elegant book prizes plus one booby prize.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

There is no more uplifting way to start the New Year than with clear diamonds, for who, pfui, would want dim, usterless stones? This worthwhile chore s consoling on a dateless Saturday night or when you feel you've made a fool of yourself at a party. You still have the diamonds, don't you? *Important: This method works for diamonds only. Do not boil your diamond jewelry if it is set with other precious or semiprecious tones.* Combine two cups water, ¼ up mild white soapsuds (*not* detergent) and five drops of household ammonia. Bring to the boiling point. Put your diamonds into a tea strainer (nice people ave silver ones) and dip into the suds or *one or two* minutes. Lift it out, let the jewelry in it cool thoroughly and then inse it off under running cold water. Next dip the strainer with the jewelry nto a small bowl of alcohol (eau de ologne or 100 proof vodka will do) to ut any remaining film, and dry on tisue paper. If you have no ammonia, ubstitute one tablespoon of baking oda. Your diamonds won't sparkle quite o much, but then, we all have to make lo.

EDUCATIONAL INFORMATION

On the English Channel Islands of Guernsey and (especially) Jersey there

is a plant known as the Giant Cabbage, which reaches a height of ten to twenty feet with a wood stalk that grows perfectly straight and hard. In the past, the leaves were stripped and used as cattle fodder or for wrapping butter to keep it cool. The stalk was allowed to grow to be made into fences or walking sticks. The Giant Cabbage is dying out and the art of stick-making is declining, but for those with horticultural and craft urges information about cabbage and seeds and walking sticks can be gotten from the Toucan Press, Mount Durand, St. Peter Port, Guernsey, Channel Islands, England.

GASTRONOMICAL NEWS

1. Last year, the French ate some \$25,000 worth of an imported canned English delicacy called "*Bouchée de porc en croûte à l'Anglaise*," pork pie to you. Another gourmet dish for the French trade is being peddled grandly as "*vol-au-vent garni au steak, rognons et champignons*." Guess what? Steak, kidney and mushroom pie. 2. The world's first bald (yes, bald) chicken was produced by Dr. Ursula Abbott, Professor of Bird Genetics at the University of California, according to the *London Sunday Times* of September 14, 1970, as reported by Graham Rose. It was thought that the battery-produced chickens of today who never go out do not need feathers, that valuable food is wasted on feather-production and that all you (or the chicken of today) get from feathers are little parasites that make the chickens scratch themselves rather than sitting quiet to get fatter. But alas, alas, alas! Dr. Abbott's test chickens suffer from the cold, so that they have to eat more to keep warm and build up resistance to the drafts that cannot be abolished in chicken factories. They also lay fewer eggs and have a tendency to stomach ulcers. Ah, the futility of human endeavor!

PRACTICAL ETIQUETTE FOR 1971

When someone wants to engage you

in a political discussion against your will, say at once that you are a firm believer in absolute, hereditary monarchy and you'll be let alone. . . . When do you have to invite the girl friends of your bachelor friends? When they are formally engaged, when the girl has cooked a meal for him in his flat or if the man asks to bring her, but *not* when they've slept together, not these days. Incidentally, be nice to the girls, for you never know whom a man will marry. . . . How to find out what to wear at a party when the hostess says "anything you like." Ask her: "What exactly are *you* wearing?" . . . Invitations: The only thing that matters is that they should be clear about whether you are going to be fed. Such as: Cocktails only. Or: Cocktails and dinner. Or: Drinks and late supper. . . . How long to stay: You've got to stick it out for three hours from the invitation time unless you're sick, old or can think of a *good* excuse to get away (no, not children's babysitters). . . . Children's Parties: Give each a couple of bucks or what you can afford and let them loose in the dime store. Then take them to a Chinese restaurant or a cafeteria and let them eat anything they like; it's not going to hurt them. . . . Tipping: Over-tip; you may be despised for it, but you will be well served and that's the idea, isn't it?

THINGS I HAVE WONDERED ABOUT

1. Does sociology *really* exist? 2. A telegram I once found in the drawer of a Florida motel, addressed to a gentleman. It said: "My mother passed away Thursday evening. Thought you would like to know. Jane." 3. Art Criticism, such as this from *New York Magazine*, November 30, 1970, page 57: "Rothko's genius was to invest simplicity with a whole new meaning. He took color and transformed it into areas charged with supreme lyricism. He took shape and gave it a new, palpable resonance. . ." Yes?

Restaurants that have kept their ex-
(Continues on page 49)

Mankind's Giant Leap

DAVID BRUDNOY

Thirty years from now, every American who was at least ten years old in 1963 will remember exactly where he was the day John Kennedy died. The same is true of everyone who watched Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin sprint about a tiny surface of the moon in the summer of 1969, while Michael Collins sat in his box in the sky. Those two events, JFK's assassination and Apollo XI, moved more people than any others of the decade: the one so unexpected, inspiring such horror in a nation not yet grown accustomed to the modern politics of assassination; the other so hoped for, eagerly awaited by half the world. The death of the President immediately transfixed a whole people, brought us together for a few days of shared grief, together as we had not been for years and have not been since. But it also inspired in the journalistic necrophiliacs an insatiable urge to report the death again and again from every angle, to bludgeon us with our "collective guilt," to cheapen, to exploit. As yet, no fully satisfying book-length account of that November day in 1963 has appeared.

The first landing of man on the moon was a triumph for the human race, not perhaps the "greatest week in the history of the world since the Creation," as President Nixon called it, but certainly an event of tremendous meaning, which also brought Americans and millions of others together. Furthermore, it was a reflection of the abilities of *this country*, a fact either trumpeted about by those who remembered bitterly that Sputnik had been Russia's achievement, not ours, or shoved under the table by those who tried to make America feel guilty for spending "so much" money on space while the "problems at home" go unsolved. We recall the many who were angered that Armstrong planted an *American* flag on the moon instead of a United Nations flag, and those who complained that the venture was somehow racist because it utilized the talents almost exclusively of whites. (Now we must suffer the crowings of those who've gotten Washington to cut back the Apollo program drastically.) In the first flush of gleeful self-praise, followed by the denuncia-

tions by curmudgeons who minimized the achievement, we were inundated by journalistic appraisals, most of them forgettable.

NORMAN MAILER has done for the moon landing what no one thus far has done for that other most notable event of the Sixties. He has written a superb book, gracious and graceful, filled with a boy's wonderment, yet balanced by a manly detachment. *Of a Fire on the Moon* is not chauvinistic pap, but it will not please people who expect Mr. Mailer's *Why Are We in Vietnam?* cynicism to permeate every page. His book is beautiful, judicious in its balancing of the humor, pathos, scientific brilliance, anguish, drudgery and splendor which went into that week from launch at Cape Kennedy to splash-down in the ocean, written in a style merging successfully the best reportorial attention to detail with a novelist's concern for drama.

Mr. Mailer's technique shares some particulars with Garry Wills'. Both work around a central event—in Wills' book, the *agon* (struggle) of Richard Nixon—in order to get into it. Having just agonized through *Nixon Agonistes* before reading *Fire on the Moon*, I was struck by Mailer's fairness to the astronauts spouting their computerese, to their wives playing out the role of

Of a Fire on the Moon

By Norman Mailer

Little, Brown, 472 pp., \$7.95

heroes' helpmates, to the scientists, scoffers, adulators; in contrast, Wills plays tricks both with his characters, by twisting them out of shape, and on his readers, by dragging them to a conclusion that does not follow from his premises. Mailer's book is honest, refreshingly so.

Mailer's sense of irony is especially sharp. He reminds us that the astronauts' great week was also the terrible week for Edward Kennedy, who left a girl drowning in his car while he contemplated his political future. Several times Mailer contrasts the glory of mankind at its finest, Apollo II, with the tragedy of man flawed, Chappaquiddick. Throughout *Fire on the Moon*, Mailer's sensitivity to textural variation brings life to every part of the undertaking. The specifics of mundane matters such as the astronauts' elaborate procedures for eliminating fecal waste; the crucial logistics of assembling a machine composed of millions of parts into a perfect instrument for the most complex voyage ever completed; the torrid sauna bath with streets that is Houston in summertime; the public-relations chore of handling Werner von Braun's transformation from Nazi hireling to the genius of America's space program—all this and every other conceivable element in the moon-landing find expression in Mailer's magnificent book.

The author writes of himself in the third person, as "Aquarius." In the end Aquarius falls in love with the moon. Viewing a chunk of earth's satellite at the Smithsonian, he composes his paean: "She was not two feet away from him, this rock to which he instinctively gave gender as she—*she* was grey, grey as everyone had said, grey as a dark cinder and not three inches across nor two inches high nor two inches for width, just a grey rock with

craters the size of a pin and craters the size of a pencil point, and even craters large as a ladybug and rays ran out from the craters, fine white lines, fine as the wrinkles in an old lady's face, and maybe it was the pain of all these months of [Mailer's] marriage ending and a world in suffocation and a society in collapse, maybe it was just the constant sore in his heart as the blood pumped through to be cleared of love, but he liked the moon, and thought—his vanity unquenchable—that that she liked him." Then Aquarius returned to his home at Provincetown (the summer place where "Gemini," this reviewer, saw the walk on the moon) to compose his testament, his book, which might well remain unequaled. □

SCIENCE FICTION

Five Fates

By Poul Anderson, Frank Herbert,
Gordon Dickson, Harlan Ellison,
Keith Laumer
Doubleday, 256 pp., \$4.95

A Wizard of Earthsea

By Ursula K. le Guin
Ace, 75 cents

City of Illusions

By Ursula K. le Guin
Ace, 60 cents

MEMENTO MORI —ET SEQ.

THEODORE STURGEON

William Bailey, uncoerced, offers his left wrist for the injection and is then hurried by the attendant, who has no wish to carry him, to the slab, upon which he lies down and dies.

This is the substance of the first few paragraphs of each of the five stories in the surprising *Five Fates*, and the challenge to their authors. It has been done before—I recall especially the "Twayne Triplets," in which a group of qualified scientists hypothesized a life-bearing planet quite different from Earth, and handed it to three sf writers to do their will upon it—but I do not think it has been done so well, nor with a more provocative challenge.

Poul Anderson's response is the most generous, for he gives us five fates within the one assigned—five different



possible worlds, each an expression of his caustic views on socialized medicine, love (more precisely, "love"), public welfare, the hippie lifestyle and the use and abuse of computers. Anderson's usual preoccupation with his own interpretations of history, and with conflict and violence, can lead his regular readers to forget that he can be, when he chooses, one of the most adroit and poignant humorists around. He's woven a wide warp of it here. A gratifying job.

My late mentor Fletcher Pratt spoke often of that necessary quality which good fiction must command: the "suspension of disbelief." He made the point that the reader is unfailingly generous in his willingness to suspend disbelief to accommodate one impossible thing, but "don't give him two." This is a lesson authors in all fields would do well to ponder—most especially writers of speculative fiction. Both Frank Herbert and Gordon Dickson have violated it, to their cost, in their segments of this book. There is, however, a very important difference. The price of comprehending Herbert's convoluted concentric concept of psychic parasitism is close attention—which is to say, he has given us more impossible things to believe in than can be easy. And in this case it's worth the trouble to participate. Dickson's story is even more convoluted, containing even more unbelievable, and eventually he writes himself into such a tangle that it requires three sets of *diagrams*, if you please, to make the dénouement remotely comprehensible. One hates to think that a writer might be willing to make so open a confession of the failure of his craft.

Then—Harlan Ellison. This is not

Ellison at his most irritating, because it is clear by now that there is no upper limit to Ellison's ability to irritate. Before you are convinced that this commentary is totally negative, let me remind you that though a pebble in the shoe is irritating, and sciatica, and that Senator (you know the one), so is a massage, a starting gun and a religious call. Surely falling well and truly in love is more irritating than, say, prickly heat. Ellison has you reading forward and backward and even, for a whole page, round and round. His adherence to the single-item suspension of disbelief is simply accomplished: Rationally, he sets up a situation in which anything can happen, even if it should carry you past the bounds of any imaginable cosmos and overriding entropy itself, which it does. An enjoyable switchback ride.

Finally, Keith Laumer comes on with a resuscitated Bailey with the internal drive exhibited by most of the others in this book, but more so—and more directive so. The fascination of the story lies in one's wonderment about what it might be that makes Bailey run, and despite the fact that the ultimate revelation strikes one as a bit pathetic, his way of reaching this point is absolutely fascinating. Laumer deals primarily with gaming—gaming as a means, certainly, but often as its own suspenseful end. Some of the games are linear descendants of slot machines, some of chess and, most fascinating of all, some are the great-great-grandchildren of our stock and bond exchanges. Most absorbing. I have discovered something, by the way, which inexplicably appears nowhere in or on the book: the author of the shared prologue, and the source of the idea, is Keith Laumer, and I'm kind of glad about it.

WRITING is surely the area in which women least need liberating, yet it is surprising how often one hears expressions of amazement when a woman produces a creditable work outside the areas of love-romance, whodunits or, latterly, sex. Science fiction has produced some splendid novels by such as Katherine McLean, Judith Merrill and the remarkable Joanna Russ. Years ago C. L. Moore wrote the marvelously swashbuckling Northwest Smith yarns, even today regarded as top of the line by swords-and-sorcery addicts. Swords-and-sorcery, it happens, has never been one of my favorite categories, yet along



Here's how you can make a Conservative out of someone you know

Put National Review in his hands.

It's about the quickest way
you can find to turn a potential
conservative into an actual conservative.

We know, because many of our
regular subscribers have been doing
just that for years

with great success. Of course,

we don't expect you to
brave hail or high water to do it—

we'll be more than happy
to take care of that part ourselves.

What we can't do is locate these
potential conservatives.

We don't know who they are
but you do.

They're your friends,
relatives, neighbors, business
and social acquaintances.

Think about it for a moment,
right now. Pick someone you know
(who doesn't already get NR)
who thinks pretty much as you do
about taxes, crime in the streets,
inflation, narcotics,

his children's education, etc.

He may not realize it yet
but he'd be vitally interested in
what conservatives have to say

about these things—

(and where do conservatives
say it better than in *National Review*?).

Rip out the card facing this page, NOW,
and use it to introduce NR
to your potential conservative
at the special introductory rate
of only \$6.95 for the next
nine months. He'll be glad you did.

So will you. So will we.

You don't often get a chance to
make so many people happy
with one stroke of the pen.

So do it now.

comes Ursula K. le Guin to demonstrate forcefully that I just might have been missing something. The daughter of anthropologist A. L. Kroeber and a writing mother, Mrs. le Guin knows how to spin a strong and stirring yarn.

A Wizard of Earthsea is that increasingly rare delight, a "journey" story, which ever since Homer sang the *Odyssey* (and probably before) has had its own special magic. Take me to a strange country and lead me over the mountains and across the seas, never knowing what monsters, what men, what adventures I might encounter, and you have me well hooked. The planet Earthsea is a strange country indeed, where real magic, with harsh disciplines and real self-consistency, exists and operates, and where the trained sorcerer (who must be gifted before he can be trained) is treated with respect, for he has vital functions. Here again is the one impossible thing you are asked to believe, and the author makes you believe it. And in addition to being a simple journey story, *Wizard* is a fable—that is to say, an analogy with a moral you can comprehend and use. When the young wizard's pride is stung, he makes a terrible mistake—terrible in its truest, terror-full, terrifying sense; and for that he has to pay off. How he does it, and the nature and name of the dreadful force he must confront and overcome, is the story and its high moral.

City of Illusions can also qualify as a "journey," but it is far closer to the sf core than the other. Naked and mindless, yet physically mature, the strange-eyed Falk is found and captured by an isolated castle-keep sort of group, cared for and re-educated until a nameless pressure begins to burn in him, and he leaves in a search for his true identity, his past, and a mission he must identify and accomplish. The author makes you give a damn about her people; you feel you know them, or have known them, or could if you saw more of them; and her description of the various ways in which a scattered and defeated humanity organizes itself is inventive, credible and often surprising. I carp at only one practice of this author, and even there I suppose I compliment her: I could wish that, having given me subsidiary characters to become interested in, she would fully round out her narrative and let me know what became of them. Otherwise, hers are competent hands, and you may feel secure in them and certain of a good evening of wonders. □



The Pentagon of Power (The Myth of the Machine, Vol. II)

By Lewis Mumford

Harcourt, 496 pp., \$12.95

THE MACHINE PROFANED

HIRAM CATON

The dean of American culture critics has written another rock 'em, sock 'em, doomsday book. All portents indicate popular success. Book-of-the-Month-Clubbers have it selected for them, whereas the *New Yorker* clientele, who prefer their ideas sandwiched between diverting blandishments from the pentagon of power, have fed on a dehydrated version. The success recipe: Simmer one eschatological theme in the Erasmus mentality, and serve hot in the style of Dante's *Comedy*. Mumford continues his attack on "megatechnics" in a series of vignettes of the sins of well-known personalities from Galileo to B. F. Skinner.

The strategy of this popular pedagogy, which leads the reader to a universal through a familiar human particular, is very effectively used by Mumford. And since the world has always been more or less on the verge of destruction by alcohol, the Great Khan, artillery, child labor, bubonic plague or other menaces, there is never any want of material for a doomsday book. This time the forces of evil are political absolutism, power, productivity, profit and publicity. That adds up to a pentagon, which by happy accident symbolizes the military-industrial complex.

For fifty pages, it appears that Mumford is hopelessly lost in a delirium of accusation against the West for crimes committed since the discovery of the New World. The explorers and empire builders were ferocious, vain, power-

seeking brutes, who, according to a source identified only as a "contemporary observer," destroyed one-and-a-half million natives in the six years after Columbus' discovery. Then the scene shifts to aerial bombardment, concentration camps and deliberate mass starvation in our own century as the proof that nothing has changed. Thus Mumford performs the *de rigueur* obfuscation of essential moral distinctions by lumping together criminality and just coercion under the rubric of "violence."

IT IS THEREFORE a welcome surprise to find that when he finally reaches his theme, Mumford rises to its requirements. His thesis is that contemporary life, both individually and culturally, is determined by technology, whose theoretical basis is science and whose executor is the industrial nation. Technology accordingly represents an awesome unity of the highest intellectual achievements with the moral outlook of the absolute despot, the unity being consummated in the concept of controllable, mechanical power. The "myth" of the machine is that the mechanical world-conception and attitude is intellectually adequate and practically beneficent. The myth justifies and explains the centuries-long drive toward enlightenment and progress, embodied presently in the ideology of the welfare state. Following a number of prominent philosophers and scientists, Mumford argues that the magnificent success of the mechanical world conception in science and technology produces a blinder that renders the scientific-technical mind incapable of recognizing that the mechanical conception is not adequate to life phenomena, particularly man.

The arrogant obscurantism produced by this blind faith is vividly illustrated through a host of examples, the most chilling of which is perhaps Nobel laureate Hermann Muller's justification of genetic control of the human species solely on the ground that it is possible. The blind faith in the goodness of science and the irresistibility of progress evident in Muller's remarks is correctly identified by Mumford as the rationale of the welfare state conceived as a socially engineered, hermetically sealed and pasteurized environment where life will be so effortless that "the beneficiaries of the system will die without for a moment having realized that they have never been alive." Carried to its logical conclusion, the welfare state is the Brave New World. ➤

RANDOM NOTES

■ OUT THIS MONTH: Anthropology prof Gilbert D. Bartell revisits Sodom and Gomorrah in *Group Sex: A Scientist's Eyewitness Report on the American Way of Swinging* (Peter H. Wyden, \$5.95). Bartell found that the orgiasts include not only young marrieds but corporate types in their fifties and sixties. Three-day swapfests are the thing, but since nobody earns less than \$10,000, the sensitive sybarites need share mates only with Their Own Kine—er, Kind. . . . *America's Front Page 1690-1970* reproduces front pages in oversized book format. Edited by journalism profs Michael C. Emery, R. Smith Schuneman and Edwin Emery (Doubleday, \$20).

■ FILMS: Warners' *The Devils*, about seventeenth-century nympho French nuns, features Oliver Reed, Vanessa Redgrave and rumors of crime. Seems five of the bare extras (or their press agents?) claim they were, in the anachronistic phrase, "molested" on the set. . . . Trade rumor has it that MGM has a major film in the mill featuring a hardcore porno scene. . . . Midtown Manhattan now shows trailer come-ons in front of porno theaters, where everyone from 2 to 92 can weigh the redeeming social qualities of total nudity, lesbian sex, and other expressions of the new sensibility.

Mumford is at his best as he shows how the most diverse and sometimes explicitly opposed ideas are intelligible as outgrowths from the ideology of technology. With faultless artistry he weaves together Dada, pop art and the Rand Corporation, science fiction and McLuhan, the spurious objectivity of Masters and Johnson and hippie barbarism.

MOREOVER, since liberalism is a political form of the machine myth, the book is in effect a critique of liberalism in its advanced stage. Presumably Mumford's piety toward liberalism is his reason for not making it a theme, even though it cries out for treatment; for time and again he occupies conservative ground—in his denial that techniques and abundance can replace man's need for morality, religion, restraint, adversity, responsibility, distinctions based on personal merit and risk. This is not to suggest that the author is a crypto-conservative, and the reason that he is not may be shown in a particular case. In its political manifestation, conservatism tends to support the military establish-

■ FEBRUARY BOOKS: *The Hollow* by Bill Surface deals with white poverty in a region of eastern Kentucky that has been all but inaccessible for 185 years (Coward-McCann, \$5.95). . . . *The Last Year of Tolstoy* by V. F. Bulgakov, a former student, is a 1910 work translated into English for the first time by Ann Dunnigan (Dial, \$7.95). . . . Peter Geismar, son of Maxwell, out with the first biography of Fanon (Dial, \$6.95). Advance reviews suggest it's a long mash note. . . . Winter-book favorite for title of the year is Mel Gussow's bio of Zanuck, *Don't Say Yes until I Finish Talking* (Doubleday, \$7.95). . . . In case you have time for another cause, think about apes. Geoffrey H. Bourne finds that they "have an intelligence which we have scarcely penetrated yet, and this is largely owing to our failure to communicate with them." Bourne's crusade to bridge the Communications Gap gets launched in *The Ape People* (Putnam, \$7.95).

■ MOVEMENT HOUSE. Straight Arrow Publishers, new book offshoot of *Rolling Stone*, announces its first, almost predictable list. Included: *Trashing: A Novel of Sex and Violence Backstairs in the Movement* by a pseudonymous yuppie; *The Swami Satchidananda: His Biography: The Interior Ecology Cookbook*; a lo-the-poor-injun sobber called *The Utmost Good Faith*; and off into the repressive future, *Ethnic Prejudice* in America Series, boasting titles like *Wop, Kike and Chink*.

ment, but that establishment is one of the chief sponsors of research into behavioral engineering.

Mumford knows perfectly well that a transition from technological civilization would require epochal changes in our thought and way of life. Sometimes he speculates that the transition might occur through the collapse of megatechnics under its own weight. He also offers the interesting speculation that it might be conquered by a new outlook in the way that Christianity subdued the might of Rome. But all this is secondary to the question about what the change ought to be. Although Mumford rightly chastises the typical dodge of value questions by referring them to the zeitgeist for decision—that is only to refer them to an idea of progress that knows not whither it goes—he nevertheless does much the same thing by refusing to discuss the character of the new "organic ideology" he announces. We are guided only by the admonition that "each one of us . . . may play a part in extricating himself from the power system by asserting his primacy

as a person in quiet acts of mental or physical withdrawal—in gestures of nonconformity [hair?], in abstentions [the 'great refusal?'], restriction, inhibitions [passive resistance?], which will liberate him from the pentagon of power." A very slender diet, this prescription which makes no effort to articulate what a person is.

Mumford is reduced to these straits because of what he approves in the pentagon of power. Although his diagnosis points clearly to a revival of ordinary moral conceptions, under the influence of the pentagon he abandons these notions for such amoral, quasi-scientific conceptions as "organisms," space and time dimensionality, and so forth. But if it were consistently carried through, his constructive effort would culminate in a revival of political philosophy, perhaps on a new basis. To have come so far is surely a great merit. □

Classroom Countdown: Education at the Crossroads

By Max Rafferty

Hawthorn Books, 117 pp., \$6.95

COMMONSENSE IN EDUCATION

RUSSELL KIRK

Although the reader of *Classroom Countdown* might not guess that Dr. Max Rafferty is a good-natured man, actually this former superintendent of public instruction in California is even-tempered and humorous. A couple of months ago he was defeated in his endeavor to win a third term in office; the losers are California's children. But he is unlikely to sink into obscurity.

THIS NEW BOOK—Dr. Rafferty's third—seems to be made up chiefly from his syndicated newspaper columns and his speeches. Though he adds no new charges to his earlier indictments of educational follies, he does bring matters up to date. Max Rafferty is in full cry after "the enemies of the children," the Muck-Merchants, the Entertainers, the Relativist Preachers, the "Progressive" Educators, the "leftist college professors."

During two terms in office, Dr. Rafferty was able to make some improvements in California's public schools, though scarcely a tithe of those he would have liked to accomplish. And now, when at last a majority of California's state board of education is sympathetic to his proposals, he has lost office.

NEITHER A SCHOLAR nor a man of innovating genius, nevertheless Max Rafferty has attracted a strong following because he is possessed of commonsense. That phrase "commonsense" means, of course, what Chesterton called "the democracy of the dead"—the verdict of generations of sensible people. In the realm of educationism, commonsense has come to appear dashing and exotic.

Better as speaker than as writer, Dr. Rafferty is not the "demagogue" that ritualistic liberals try to persuade the public he has become; actually, he does not run to extremes. Consider his views on academic freedom:

"Academic freedom cuts both ways. I've always believed that a teacher, operating within the scope of his special competence, lecturing on his assigned subject, clearly identifying his personal beliefs and hobbies as such to his students . . . should be protected to the utmost by the institution that employs him. His superiors have an obligation to defend him against cranks and pressure groups and crusaders in behalf of personal causes.

"On the other hand, an instructor who is more interested in promoting a certain ideology than he is in seeking truth, who parades a train of whimsical crotchets and beliefs in the guise of facts, who neglects or ridicules all facets of argumentative issues except the one to which he is personally committed, is not entitled to the protection of academic freedom."

Against the enemies of intellectual freedom, indeed, Max Rafferty has entered the lists. In his best chapter, "The Struggle over Reading," he hacks and slashes the namby-pamby educationists who have put Jack of the Beanstalk on the blacklist; have suppressed Jack the Giant-Killer; have rewritten *Treasure Island* to eliminate Blind Pew's death and even his blindness; have converted Isaac and Rebecca (in *Ivanhoe*) into Gentiles; and have reduced the rising generation to a Tarzan-and-Jane vocabulary.

It has been weary work, Max Rafferty's struggle against entrenched silliness and against the Education Lobby. But Dr. Rafferty is not disheartened: Like his hero the Black Knight, he thunders upon the stubborn gates of Torquilstone. □

Black Man in Red Cuba

By John Clytus

University of Miami, 160 pp., \$4.95

'WHITE MAN'S REVOLUTION' IN CUBA

LEWIS STEARNS

The love affair between Fidel Castro and most black militants in the United States appears to have gone pretty much on the rocks. Mutual admiration reached its peak in August 1967 during Stokely Carmichael's star performance at the Latin American Solidarity Organization conference in Havana: since the widely publicized visits to Cuba by several Black Panther Party (BPP) leaders in 1968, relations have become a good bit less cordial. Although the Panthers still look up to Che Guevara, their admiration recently has not been

tic difficulties, has shown less interest in United States black militants. Also because of recent demythologizing in the field of race relations in Castro's Cuba, long and loudly proclaimed to be a model of racial equality by Fidel's Cuban and foreign supporters, has turned out to be an outstanding example of white paternalism in action; indeed, according to John Clytus, the revolution in Cuba is a "white man's revolution."

THE MYTH OF RACIAL EQUALITY under Fidel Castro has been several years in falling. The Cuban Negro Carlos More wrote in the December 1964 issue of *Présence Africaine* that non-whites, who constitute a majority of the Cuban population, are denied "the right to rule, or effectively share the power which directs the destiny of the Cuban nation." American black militant Robert Williams, who directed a propaganda campaign at United States Negroes for over four years from a Cuban base, wrote Fidel Castro in August (from China) that his efforts had been "sabotaged" at all levels by "racist" Cuban officials, especially in the Foreign Ministry; he condemned such prominent individuals as Osmany Cienfuegos, Manuel Pineiro and René Vallejo by name.

During 1969 Raymond Johnson and Earl Farrell, who claimed to be members of the BPP, condemned discrimination they had experienced in Cuba; the former hinted and the latter stated openly that Panther idol Eldridge Cleaver, then living in Cuba, was himself disgusted with the "racist" treatment he had encountered. The American writer Lee Lockwood, in Havana at the time, heard the story privately from the Panther leader. According to Lockwood, Cleaver had found that "blacks were under-represented in the upper echelons of leadership and administration, suffered a certain amount of discrimination in job advancement," and were restrained in many ways from "expressing their 'black identity'." [Proof of the first of these charges, greatly understated by Cleaver, was given in *NATIONAL REVIEW* on June 17, 1969.] From this, Lockwood wrote that: "Eldridge concluded that Cuba's leaders, in giving public support to the black liberation struggle abroad while failing to complete that aspect of their revolution at home, were guilty of a certain hypocrisy." (*Conversation with*



for Cuba but for their revolutionary comrades in Algeria, North Korea, North Vietnam and Communist China.

Why have relations taken this turn? In part because in the past two years Fidel Castro, faced by mounting domes-

HOW CONGRESS REALLY WORKS

Two new books in THE STUDY OF CONGRESS SERIES

The first major in-depth analysis of the most important legislative body in the world—providing concerned citizens with essential structure information on Congressional structure and procedures.

THE MINORITY PARTY IN CONGRESS

Charles O. Jones, University of Pittsburgh. The role of the opposition as policy maker—strategies, limitations and historical effectiveness.

\$6.95

THE POLITICS OF FINANCE

The House Committee on Ways and Means

John F. Manley, University of Wisconsin. How the most powerful House Committee operates—internally, and with the House, Senate, the President, and pressure groups—with special attention to Chairman Mills' role.

\$7.50

Also available

THE CONGRESSIONAL PROCESS: Strategies, Rules, and Procedures

Lewis A. Froman Jr., University of California.

\$6.95

MAJORITY PARTY LEADERSHIP IN CONGRESS

Randall Ripley, Ohio State University.

\$6.95

CONGRESS AND THE NEW POLITICS

John S. Saloma III, M.I.T.

\$6.95

At leading bookstores,
or direct from

**LITTLE, BROWN
and COMPANY**

34 Beacon Street,
Boston, Mass. 02106

Eldridge Cleaver, New York, 1970.)

In public statements at the time, however, the BPP labeled Johnson an FBI-CIA agent and Cleaver called Farrell a "bootlicking snake." Cleaver acknowledged that race relations in Cuba left much to be desired, but argued that it was bad politics to make a fuss about it. In *The Black Panther* (January 17, 1970) he wrote: "It would not be in the interest of Cuba or the world revolution to launch attacks at Cuba because they have not been able to eliminate all forms of racism in the ten years since their revolution."

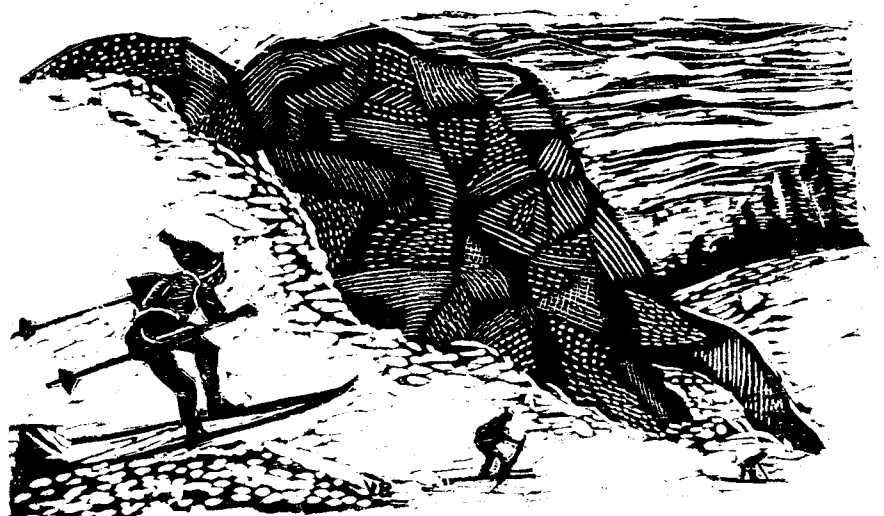
THE MOST RECENT and detailed assault on the Myth is *Black Man in Red Cuba*, an autobiography by a 41-year-old black man who grew up in Oklahoma, served in the Air Force, and worked and studied in California. Clytus first supported Communist causes in this country and then decided to go "home" to Africa, stopping on the way in Cuba where true racial harmony had reportedly been achieved. His experiences in Cuba varied from acting as an English-language translator for Cuban publications to carrying out one-man "black power" demonstrations in Havana, the latter resulting in his imprisonment and interrogation by the secret police. After meeting many Africans in Cuba, most of whom he says were as dis-

most reluctant to let Clytus leave after he had seen so much.

Although Clytus writes on general conditions in Cuba, such as the housing problem, the long working hours, the distorted news coverage of events in the United States, and the power and arrogance of many "know-nothing" revolutionary leaders, his primary concern is with exploding the Myth. He explained the objective of his book in an interview in the Miami paper *Diario Las Americas* (January 16, 1970):

I want to inform the world, and especially the people of my race, of what happened to me during three years in Communist Cuba. There are many militants of my race who talk of Communism and Socialism, yet who know nothing about them because they have not had the experience that I have. I do not want the people of my race to go on being deceived by the false propaganda of Communism, of Castroism.

Soon after his arrival in Cuba, Clytus observed that virtually all important positions of power in that country were held by whites. Further, as a firm believer in the value of racial differences, he was particularly enraged to find that the "white man's revolution" in Cuba was trying to "erase the racial problem by erasing the black race"; the revolution was "burying the black Cuban's identity and contribution within the



tressed by racial conditions in the country as he was, he concluded that he was not an African, but an American, and resolved to return to the United States and work for his race here. However, whereas Cuban officials had openly encouraged many United States black power leaders to swoop in and out of the island under the banner of "third world solidarity," they were

white orientation and consciousness of the Western world." To draw attention to racial differences in Cuba was to act in a "counterrevolutionary" manner. Cuban leaders, Clytus concluded, even more critically than Cleaver, were interested in blacks from the United States only if they could be used for propaganda purposes.

Three years in the land of Fidel

Castro also drove the author to a political conclusion he could not have imagined before his Cuban experience: "Communism, championing equal treatment for all, would end the exploitation of just the poor and exploit all, rich and poor, who didn't dance to the dictatorial tune of its ruling hierarchy." □

THEATER

WET TNT

RICHMOND CRINKLEY

The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail, the new *Waldenspiel* by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, is being described in the ads as "TNT." Mostly unexploded. It is a phenomenon of our theater that so nondescript a play should be so widely embraced and should make its creators such piles of money.

Thoreau has just received its first major professional production at Washington's Arena Stage and will soon be seen in New York, with Frank Langella mentioned as a possible Thoreau. The Arena production is a marvel at concealing the play's defects. Norman Gevanthour's often inspired direction keeps the action a half-step ahead of the audience's perception that what has just been said is vacuous and dramatically uninteresting.

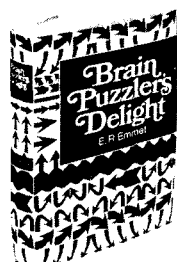
The Arena production is the tip of an iceberg. *Thoreau* has been produced in some eighty colleges under a plan to make professional scripts available on a local basis prior to a major New York production. The play's real interest is economic, not artistic. Under the distinguished banner of Lawrence and Lee—authors of *Auntie Mame* and *Inherit the Wind*—the play has done what new plays are doing with increasing frequency, and that is to find their audience through the back door. *Thoreau*'s arrival in New York will be the result of carefully orchestrated publicity all around the nation.

With numerous, sometimes excellent productions at colleges and universities during the past eighteen months, the play of necessity creates some kind of build. And a professional production, like the one at Arena, becomes a necessity, so the Eastern seaboard can see what the rest of the country is talking about—a neat reversal of the old dramatic priorities.

Unfortunately, *Thoreau*'s success is

Brain Puzzler's Delight

By E. R. Emmet



A treasury of unique mind-stretching puzzles that can be solved by straight, logical thinking and reasoning. No specialized math. Offers the pleasures of discovering solutions through use of ingenuity, imagination, insight, and logic. Stimulates and refreshes the mind. Fascinating, entertaining puzzles, arranged in order of difficulty, with (some amazing!) solutions and full explanations at end of book. ILLUSTRATED

Order Now \$5.95, Plus 25¢ handling.
10-day Money Back Guarantee.

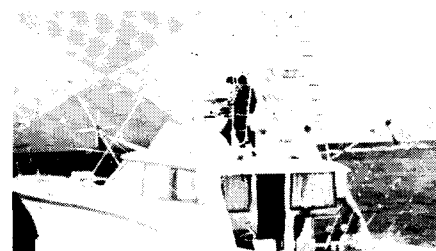
EMERSON BOOKS, Inc., Dept. 989-S
251 West 19 Street, New York, N.Y. 10011

STERLING L. SMITH MANAGEMENT CONSULTANT

Planning
Organization
Control

EUROPEAN ASSIGNMENTS
WELCOMED

R.F.D. 9, Greenville, S.C. 29609
Telephone (803) 233-4852



FINEST FISHING ANYWHERE

Cruise the "virgin" Yucatan current aboard the seagoing yacht Splurge. . . 45' Hatteras, twin V-8 engines, all the latest safety, navigation and communications equipment, a.c., t.v., bar, sleeps 4, licensed captain with 20 years experience. Depart from Mexican port, jet in and out, live on board or in luxury hotel.

"50 BILLFISH CAUGHT AN AVERAGE FISHING DAY."

Arrangements also available for scuba diving, hunting and exploring nearby Aztec & Mayan ruins.

FULL PARTICULARS

SPLURGE INC.

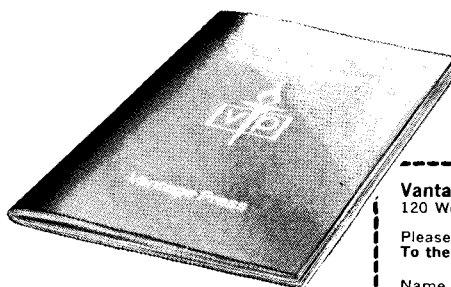
712 N. CASEY KEY-OSPREY, FLA. 33559
PHONE (813) 966-2254

To the author (or organization) in search of a publisher

You ARE INVITED to send for a free, illustrated brochure which explains how your book (or your organization's) can be published, promoted and marketed.

Whether your subject is fiction, non-fiction or poetry, scientific, scholarly, specialized (even controversial) this handsome 52-page brochure will show you how to arrange for prompt publication.

Unpublished authors, especially, will find this booklet valuable and informative. For your free copy, or more information, fill in and mail the coupon.



Mail Coupon
for your
Free Copy

Vantage Press, Inc. Dept. AO-1
120 West 31st St., New York, N.Y. 10001

Please send me a complimentary copy of
To the Author in Search of a Publisher.

Name
Address
City State Zip

Offices in Washington, D.C. and Hollywood, Calif.

THE UNCOMMON MARKET

Twin Disc serves a very uncommon market—YOU. Wherever you are—whatever you want done, Twin Disc heavy-duty power transmission components are ready to serve you. Across the free world, six domestic and seven foreign plants serve 750 original equipment manufacturers and 160 sales offices, distributors and parts stations.

Nowhere in the world is another job exactly like yours. But when you specify Twin Disc, you find available an international group of research, development and application engineers, skilled machinists, quality control technicians, and service personnel, all working together to provide you with the right power transmission system to fit your exact requirements.

On six continents, the common answer to uncommon problems is Twin Disc.



TWIN DISC
INCORPORATED

Administrative Offices — Racine, Wisconsin •
Rockford Works, Rockford, Illinois Branches or
Sales Engineering Offices: Cleveland • Dallas
• Los Angeles • Newark • New Orleans •
Seattle FOREIGN SUBSIDIARIES AND AFFILI-
ATES: British Twin Disc Ltd. — Rochester, Kent,
England • Twin Disc International S. A. —
Nivelles, Belgium • Twin Disc (Pacific) Pty.
Ltd. — Albury, Australia • Niigata Converter
Co., Ltd. — Minato-ku, Tokyo, Japan

something of a *succès d'estime*. It would be nice to report that the rest of the country has better taste than New York in embracing the Lawrence-Lee opus, but not so. The play, though built around the character of Henry David Thoreau, is in effect the dramatization of an anecdote. Its substance is a visit by Emerson to the jail where Thoreau is locked up for not paying his taxes. Emerson says, "Henry, what are you doing in there?" Thoreau says, "Waldo, what are you doing out there?" Or something like that. It was a dull anecdote at the best of times, mostly used by high-school literature books in the biographical paragraph on Thoreau.

From the anecdote the play tries to build Thoreau into an obsessively congenial hero. But any taste that neo-Waldenites may have had for Henry David will probably be killed by this play. Though most of what Thoreau says in the play is said to have been written by Lawrence and Lee (as opposed to collected from Thoreau's writings and conversations), it is close enough to what Thoreau himself says to do in thoroughly a major figure in American literature for a whole generation. With many people *Walden* has never been much of a favorite, but after *Thoreau* there are those of us who will never touch the book again.

PLATITUDINOUS PIETY explains much of the play's success with universities. All the clichés and supposedly relevant comments on our own times are there—the apocalyptic and "daring" comment being the implied parallel between President Polk and the Mexican War and President Nixon and the Vietnam war. Henry David does everything right and is a one-man Peace Corps: He teaches his cellmate to write; he helps a runaway slave; he founds a school in a field; he rings the village bell to signal an antiwar rally. A real hero for our times, predictable, programmed and empty.

Predictable, programmed and empty plays are what many writers turn out, theaters produce, and audiences want. For the 1970s student generation, for whom many of us in the theater have real affection, the play represents a comfort station, with optimistic graffiti writ large. It is an idealization of comfortable dissent. Thoreau does all the things the would-be rebel dreams about doing, and he does them with little trouble and little retribution. His school folds, but it lasted about as long as his attention span. His punishment for not paying his

taxes (finally paid by his aunt, the play's nearest thing to a profound insight) is only one night in jail. And that night he spends as a missionary from the outside.

It's nice to sit around in the grass and be revolutionary. It is indicative of the poverty of our creative minds that *Thoreau* is well thought of. There are some real bombers around. But the audiences who like *Thoreau* aren't going to do anybody much harm. They like their TNT wet. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

SOUTH AMERICA OF THE POETS, by Selden Rodman, illustrated by Bill Negron (*Hawthorn Books*, 270 pp., \$9.95). South America is a terribly big place, a fact that most Americans fail to appreciate. There is as much difference between countries like Paraguay and Peru as there is between the United States and Argentina. If the reader detects a certain suspicion of books dealing with the entire continent, he is right. Nevertheless, I recognize the need for such books especially since most Americans are quite ignorant of South America. Among the things about which we are especially ignorant is the vast literary traditions of its countries. I say "traditions" because I do not think it possible to refer to anything so vague as a South American literature. How can one compare a Julio Cortázar or a Pablo Neruda with a Jorge Luis Borges or (to go back a few years) a Ruben Darío. Mr. Rodman has filled something of a need with this chatty little book, especially for readers only familiar with the South American literature in an Englished-up version. All our favorites are here: Jorge Luis Borges, sounding more like a Talmudic scholar, or maybe an English conservative, every day; Neruda, perhaps the greatest love poet in any language of our century, sounding like one Communist who will manage to get along with Sr. Allende. If the book has a weakness, is in its treatment of Brazilian literature. The author is clearly not fluent in Portuguese, and it is apparent in his encounters with Jorge Amado, which is simply not true to his interviews with Spanish-speaking writers. The book is delightfully illustrated by Bill Negron.

P. P. WITONSKI

A HERO IN SPITE OF HIMSELF: Brand Whitlock in Art, Politics and War, by Robert M. Crunden (*Knopf*, 479 pp., \$8.95). The author of *The Mind and Art of Albert J. Nock* (1964) now turns to the career of one of America's truly gentle souls, Brand Whitlock. Born in Ohio in 1869, Whitlock grew to manhood in the school of political

SIMONDS

(Continued from page 36)

manifestations I see are a Black Panther leaflet crumpled up in a urinal, and a showing, during one intermission, of Nixon's Checkers speech, at which the audience hoots predictably, not at all thankful that we have a New Nixon now).

The end. Prolonged gratitude from the audience; one encore (they've been playing for six hours) and then we file out. It's long past dawn; the concert began at midnight. We head for the First Avenue bus, and there, waiting at the stop, is the friend we've been looking for.

"I'm sorry they weren't better tonight," he says right off. We liked them fine. On the ride uptown, he explains why they weren't better. He takes the Dead, very, very seriously—just a few days before, he quit his job in the climax of a religious afflatus in which the Dead represented Christ and the Rolling Stones, Satan.

"I can't see making a big religious thing out of it," The Kid says later. Or revolutionary, or whatever, I add mentally. Play it straight. Out of the mouths of fifteen-year olds. □

DELECTATIONS

(Continued from page 35)

cellence throughout the years. Their owners are around all the time and though not the cheapest, the prices are affordable and the very best value.

Nicola Paone's, 207 East 34 Street, New York City (889-3239). Very imaginative Italian food as you find in a high-class restaurant in Italy, and, I think, the best in New York. No garlic, little tomato—the food is Northern Italian and delicate. Especially recommended: fish baked to your order. Most expensive evening entrees, cooked to your order, \$7.50.

The Coach House, 110 Waverly Place, New York City (777-0303). One of the very best restaurants in New York City, with outstanding American food such as Black Bean Soup Madeira, marvelous steaks and fish poached in fresh herbs and wine and irresistible desserts

like Pecan Pie and Nubian Cream Roll. We take European guests there to show them what American food can be like. Full evening dinners around \$12, entrees from \$5 to \$9. Note: Reservations at both places. □

LETTERS

(Continued from page 14)

American interests in the Middle East in the context of the global power struggle between America and Russia. A strategic move is suggested that, unlike any strategic moves discussed elsewhere, is potentially decisive within the region. If there is any practical way in which I can aid the Libyans or any other Arabs, within the constraint of my loyalty to the United States, I should be very glad to do so.

Los Angeles, Calif.

CHARLES BENSON

Hmmmmmm . . .

Fifteen years ago, comedians Bob and Ray "advertised" a Handy-Dandy Atomic Bomb Kit under the slogan: "Be the first on your block to rule the world." Now, says your Mr. Ponte ["Notes on the Proliferation Non-Treaty," December 15], it's really possible. So, gentlemen, why not do the obvious? I can just hear the trembling whispers over at the *New York Times*: "My God, Buckley has The Bomb!"

Omaha, Nebr.

CALE FLUHART

Revisionist Burnham

James Burnham's column "The Protracted Conflict" [Nov. 17] lamely rationalizes a people's electoral mandate in Chile as Marxist-Leninist protracted warfare. The victory of the proletariat in Chile is an example of the natural evolution of Third World forces to socialism, a political phenomenon that will continue and progress in the emerging nations and those, like Chile, where the reactionary designs of U.S. imperialism are isolated and exposed to the masses.

The Marxist-Leninist-Maoist interpretation of Protracted War as applied to the citadel of world imperialism necessitates armed revolutionary struggle. Your "revisionist" interpretation is indicative of the philosophical generation gap which paves the revolutionary road for the progressive masses of the world.

Palo Alto, Calif.

H. B. FRANKLIN

Cushing R I P

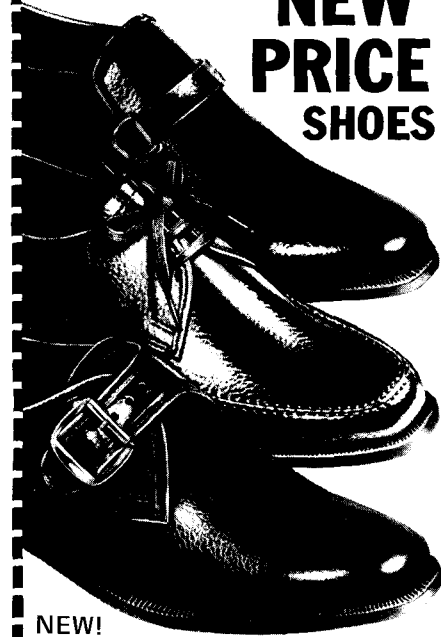
Your piece on Cardinal Cushing in the Nov. 17 *NR* is uncanny in its accuracy. No one has limned his character with such mastery. And I, for one, knew him pretty well. His enormous gaucheries will be gradually forgotten, and maybe, when you and I "compounded are with clay," there'll be a move toward canonization. And forsooth, it will be first instigated by his Jewish friends!

Boston, Mass.

REV. EDWARD J. KILLION

HABAND man-made polymeric

**NEW
PRICE
SHOES**



NEW!

Monk Strap

2 pair for 15.95 LOOK WHAT YOU'VE BEEN MISSING!
We Pay Postage!

Cash In Now on these Extraordinary Savings! Don't be the last to try the New Price Shoes. Folks are paying many dollars less than ever before, thanks to the miracle new "polymeric" shoe materials. This is no "cheap imitation" shoe. It's the **New Price Shoe** that looks and feels and wears as well as any shoe you've ever worn and yet costs a fraction of the price.

IS YOUR SIZE ON THIS CHART?

	5 1/2	6	6 1/2	7	7 1/2	8	8 1/2	9	9 1/2	10	10 1/2	11	12	13
A														
B														
C														
D														
E														
EEE														

You'll Be Shocked When You See Our Shoes!

You get top quality uppers, good lifetime laces, life-of-the-shoe PVC sole & heels, flexible support shank in the arch, gentle foam heel cushions, superior detailing—the works! Even the new luxury linings.

SOONER OR LATER

You'll Be Wearing The

NEW PRICE SHOES.

Today's new man-mades beat the price out of leather, scoff at scuffs, keep better shape, and *Never Need a Shine.*

Please note: At our price, we are not allowed to mention the famous brand name of this new shoe material. But it looks like top grain leather, performs even better. Why pay more? Get in on this low price. Send in now: **2 pair for \$15.95!**

Here's something **NEW** — Here's something **PROVEN!** We will be proud to send them to you for **On Approval, At Home Inspection.** Your remittance refunded in full if you do not choose to wear them when you see them.

NEW PRICE SHOES TWO PAIRS FOR \$15.95
HABAND COMPANY 3 pair 23.45

Dept. NR-3
265 N. 9th St.
Paterson, N.J.
07508

Send me the
..... pairs
specified. My
\$.....
is enclosed.

Color & style	How Many	What Size	What Width
Black Monk Strap			
Black Oxford			
Brown Oxford			
Brown Strap Loafer			

Name
Street
City
State ZIP CODE

U.S.A. Coin Guide

Show the value of over 1400 United States coins Only \$1.00

BELLS COIN SHOP

Box 276

Tolleson, Arizona 85353

SST Talk

New York, Dec. 28—My brothers ideological and biological are divided on the issue of the SST, as is the Congress of the United States. James Burnham, philosopher, strategist and my colleague on NATIONAL REVIEW, bemoans the apparent defeat of the program. Meanwhile Senator-elect James L. Buckley and James Jackson Kilpatrick rejoice. Senator Barry Goldwater writes dolefully that SST has been defeated as the result of the Big Lie. Leaving the right wing in the United States sorely vexed. One might say that on SST, American conservatives are being permitted what the English parliamentarians call a Free Vote.

CONCERNING the program, a few observations:

1) In fact, all is not irretrievably lost, even if the Senate persists in junking the project. It would prove a great deal more expensive, but, in fact, the project could be reorganized at a later date, and the aircraft industry could swing into production, the kinks having been ironed out, and the hysterical having been reassured that the airplane will not mean death to all wildlife. The principal hurt, in the event of postponement, would be to the cadre of professionals whose scientific momentum, once arrested, is extremely difficult to set into motion again. These are men who, studying a particular technical problem with ferocious concentration, come to know the nature of it, and develop the skill to move forward effectively. Reassembling such a team is a costly and painful business.

2) A largely unspoken and utterly wicked scenario is as follows: Let the British, the French and the Russians develop their SSTs. At just the moment when they have got them operational, permit the ecology lobby to prevail, and forbid the foreigners landing rights in the United States. This would have the effect of aborting their models as commercial ventures. We would give as a reason for denying the Europeans landing rights, a criticism of their design. A subtly conceived criticism, the purpose of which would be to make it all but impossible for them to repair their models without going back to the drawing boards. Then our own manufacturers would undertake to come through with

a model that met specifications, would borrow the money necessary to proceed, either from the government or perhaps even from an orthodox lending institution. We would come forward with a successful SST transport, and take the international market. The plan has a nice, schematic ring, but of course a) to behave thusly is not very nice, and not calculated to cultivate American-European friendship; and b) it is a game two people can play: i.e., although the Europeans desperately need North American landing rights, we desperately need European landing rights, and if we capriciously deny to the foreign models rights to come here, they will capriciously deny us rights to go there.

3) The means by which the liberal-ecology lobby is proceeding are, to put it mildly, at variance with the officially approved way of doing business. For one thing, there is hysteria. Robert Welch never wrote a line more apocalyptic than the kind of thing that the anti-SST lobbyists are bombarding us with. Senator Goldwater disgustingly listed a few, including the charge that all life would end because the polar ice cap would be melted by changes in atmospheric pressure resulting from SST emanations; that the world's supply of fuel would be exhausted in twenty years (which, by the way, is a highly efficient way of solving the ecology problem); that the marginal pollutant would be generated, killing all life on this planet; and that an epidemic of skin cancer would result from the SST's exhaust. Now it is inappropriate for those who have always counseled moderation, and reason, to be caught using that kind of argument. And of course it is piquant to see the leaders of the fight against SST prepared to resort to the filibuster, that detested parliamentary instrument, in order to force their way in Congress.

4) Has ecology become a left-wing lobby? I wrote several years ago, back when Mr. Stewart Udall was the Secretary of the Interior, that for all that we owed him our respect and gratitude for his diligence in looking after Nature's cause, still he sometimes gave the impression that he resented any habitation whatever being built upon the plains of America, lest it happen to get in the way of meandering buffalo. So it is with

some of the ecologists. Meanwhile, very big stakes are taking a second-ranking position. An example is the pipeline projected to bring oil down from the great discoveries in the Arctic Circle. If we postpone the exploitation of that discovery, we—and more specifically all of Europe—are beholden to the Middle East for oil. And the ramifications of that dependence on world politics are simply impossible to detail. Ecology is a sainted cause, but if we leave it to the ecologists, we may end by doing what the Church did, by putting religion into the hands of the Inquisitors. □

STRIVING TO MAINTAIN DREW PEARSON'S STANDARDS

New York, Dec. 26—The news is that an annual Drew Pearson Award will be given (\$5,000).

to the contestant who does the best investigatory reporting of the year in the manner of the late Drew Pearson. Here with my entry . . .

THE LOCKHEED CORPORATION'S \$700-million loss, which will now be paid by the taxpayers, is being palmed off by Congress as related to the national security.

Mrs. Lockheed was years ago friendly with Wilbur Mills, all-powerful congressional leader, whose approval of the Lockheed relief bill is a necessity. Although Mrs. Lockheed, the former Alicia Boeing, had not seen her old friend for many years, it was resolved at a secret meeting of the Board of Directors of Lockheed held last June, on the Greek island of Patmos, that the only way to assure the future of the struggling company was to press on Mrs. Lockheed the necessity of renewing her old friendship.

The board met in Greece, because the colonels have been in secret negotiation with Lockheed to purchase the assets of the company for virtually nothing, in the event that Mrs. Lockheed failed in her mission with Wilbur Mills. The Greek government is being backed by Aristotel Onassis, who for many years, according to intimates, has been frustrated by not owning a large airplane manufacturing company to supplement his great shipping and air transport enterprises. Th

On The Right

Greek interests, in other words, had a lot to gain from Lockheed's going under, so a great deal of pressure was put on Mrs. Lockheed, and it is reported that representatives of Onassis rushed to Patmos by special Olympic charter recent photographs of Wilbur Mills attempting to emphasize his age, and overweight.

Meanwhile, members of the Boeing family, getting wind of what was going on, and desiring the end of their great competitor, Lockheed, joined forces with the Greeks. Young Smiley Boeing was selected to be the family's representative. Smiley is Mrs. Lockheed's half-brother, by Tallulah Bankhead, whose father, the Speaker of the House, pushed through the original bill, designed to give the young Boeing Company special tax advantages, as reported by this column at that time. Smiley was always the favorite of Alicia, and they were together, holding hands, when the *Titanic* went down, but were picked up by a young seaman, who went on to become the executive vice president of Boeing, having driven a very tough bargain before scooping them up out of the water.

Historians have recently told this column that the reason the *Titanic* went down is because monopoly shipbuilders were paying back money under the table to the Duke of Salisbury, instead of sinking the money into making a truly seaworthy hull. The fact that the Duke of Salisbury's first wife is the first cousin of John C. Boeing, the founder of the Boeing empire, has given rise to speculation.

Smiley reportedly arrived at Patmos just as Alicia was leaving, having resigned herself to fly to Washington to call up Mills. He persuaded her to postpone her trip for three days, during which they wandered about the ruins of Ephesus, while Smiley tried to persuade his sister that that is what California would look like if the country tried to support two, instead of just one major aircraft producing companies. Alicia was very nearly persuaded by her attractive younger brother (he has been married nine times), when she dropped a pebble in the famous fountain of Pirsos. Legend had it that if young Roman virgins, torn between two lovers, would throw a coin into the fountain, the goddess would indicate which of the suitors was to be preferred. The ripples struck the letter "W," and Alicia decided her destiny was to seek out Wilbur (Mills). Smiley tried to persuade her that if she moved to the other side of the pool, normally used by Roman virgins, what looked to her like a W, would actually appear to have been an S—for Smiley. He traced out his point of the ground with a stick, but Alicia, although patient with her brother, was adamant that W

was what the gods intended, and flew back on the next plane to Washington.

It's an open secret that she has been seen with Wilbur Mills at least on one occasion since last June—at the summer White House party for Congress, and there is actually a photograph of Mrs. Lockheed going through the receiving line of congressional leaders, and shaking hands with Congressman Mills as if he were a perfect stranger, which did not fool this column. □

MAU-MAUING WOLFE

New York, Dec. 30—Those of you who are not aware of Tom Wolfe should—really—do your best to acquaint yourselves with him. For one thing, he is probably the most skilful writer in America. I mean by that that he can do more things with words than anyone else: a greater variety of things. He is like the pianist, Henry Scott, who can play the "Flight of the Bumblebee" while wearing mittens. That is of course stunt-stuff, but Wolfe, the virtuoso, does not depend alone on his flashy cadenzas. He can do anything. Meanwhile he is a leading figure in the New Journalism, which weds the craft of the novelist to the obligations of the journalist. And on top of that, he has written a very very controversial book, for which he has been publicly excommunicated from the company of the orthodox by the bishops who preside over the *New York Review of Books*.

Mr. Wolfe was born in Richmond, Virginia in 1931, and took his B.A. at Washington and Lee University. His principal enthusiasm at college was baseball, in which he hoped to become a professional. He failed and, dropping out, went to Yale, taking there a doctorate degree in American Studies. He worked briefly as a copyboy for the *New York Daily News*, principally because an editor there desired the experience of having a Ph.D. bring him his Coca-Colas. Then the *Washington Post*, then the *Herald-Tribune*, and now he is an editor of *New York Magazine*. His articles, published there and in *Esquire*, are regularly compiled into books with crazy titles. The first was *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby*; then there was *The Pump House Gang* and *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*. And, now, *Radical Chic and Mau Mauing the Flak Catchers*, the first part of which is about the famous party that Leonard Bernstein threw to raise money for the Black Panthers.

Well sir, what happened shouldn't happen to an honest hangman, let alone an artist. What Mr. Wolfe did in his book was MAKE FUN of Bernstein et al., and if you have never been told, you

MUST NOT MAKE FUN of Bernstein et al., when what hangs in the balance is Bernstein's moral prestige plus the integrity of Black Protest; learn the lesson now. Tom Wolfe, although thoroughly apolitical, focused on the paradoxes involved in the spilling of Black Rage over the extraporous sensibilities of an anti-macassar liberal, who has been trained to salivate over the plight of any Negro, even one whose cause is the absolute right of Black Panthers to commit revolution, bomb department buildings and rage against the Jews.

Anyway . . . Tom Wolfe is an unfortunate victim of ideological ire. His wit attracts the witless among the critics. For instance? Well, here is Wolfe, talking about how some of the black militants in San Francisco succeeded in terrorizing Poverty Program types into giving them money, namely by Frightening Them . . . "There was one genius in the art of confrontation who had mau-mauing down to what you could term a laboratory science. He had it figured out so he didn't even have to bring his boys downtown in person. He would just show up with a crocus-sack full of revolvers, ice picks, fish knives, switchblades, hatchets, blackjacks, gravity knives, straight razors, hand grenades, blow guns, bazookas, Molotov cocktails, tank rippers, unbelievable stuff, and he'd dump it all out on somebody's shiny walnut conference table. He'd say, 'These are some of the things I took off my boys last night . . .'"

THIS is the kind of thing that is met (by Mr. Jason Epstein in the *New York Review of Books*) with such embarrassing moral pith-and-moment phrases as that Mr. Wolfe is "cruel and shallow," that his "sin is a lack of compassion," that his is an "intellectual weakness" because he "finds himself beyond his depth, frailties that commonly accompany moments of great personal or public stress" and so on and so forth; Cotton Mather reviewing Peter Pan.

Tom Wolfe will survive the humorless of this world—that or else the world will not, should not, survive. If he feels down, after such reviews as Mr. Epstein's, he can go back and reread Karl Shapiro's that appeared in *Book World* after his previous book: "Let us . . . pay homage to Tom Wolfe right off the bat. He has given us the finest mug shots of the *soi-disant* revolutionaries we shall see in a long time. He has pinned their little wriggling personae to the bulletin board for all to gape upon. He is a master of intonation and hedonism. . . . Tom Wolfe is more than brilliant . . . Tom Wolfe is a goddam joy."

Read his book, and see if you don't agree. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

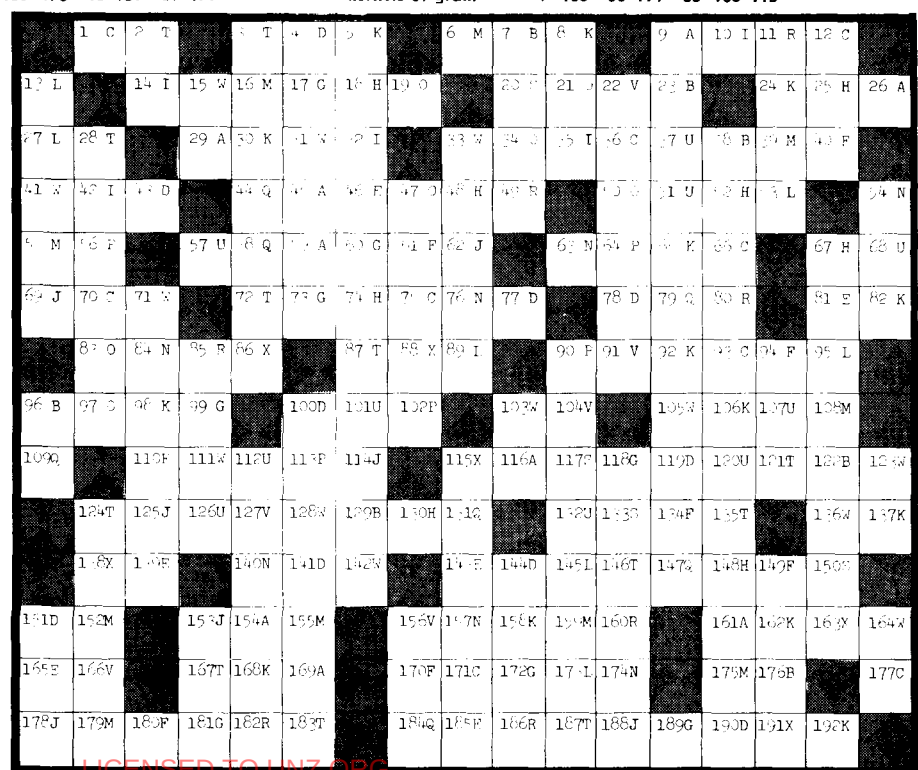
- A. A head and neck covering that a woman might wear after losing her husband
29 26 169 45 161 154 59 116 9
- B. An American poet and author (1819-1881)
38 129 96 7 122 176 23
- C. Unscramble REALITIES
70 12 171 177 36 93 1 66 75
- D. An English poet (1799-1845)
77 4 190 78 100 119 141 144 151 43
- E. A product which the national government encourages and discourages the use of
81 165 110 185 46 143 139
- F. A senator from Kansas who wrote the poem *Opportunity*
94 134 170 180 61 149 40
- G. Among the most famous of these are those of Shakespeare, Franklin, and Jefferson
118 60 73 17 172 189 181 99
- H. An English painter and poet; his sister was also a poet
130 18 25 74 48 52 67 148
- I. A river in West Germany and Austria
10 14 32 35 42
- J. An American poet who wrote *The Flag Goes By*
178 62 188 114 69 125 153
- K. Portrayed in colors as though by a phenomenon that appears after a shower
106 24 30 65 92 82 98 137 158 162
168 192 5 8
- L. The odds favor him in today's courts
13 95 173 145 53 89 27
- M. A German botanist (1824-1877)
55 6 152 108 155 175 16 159 39 179

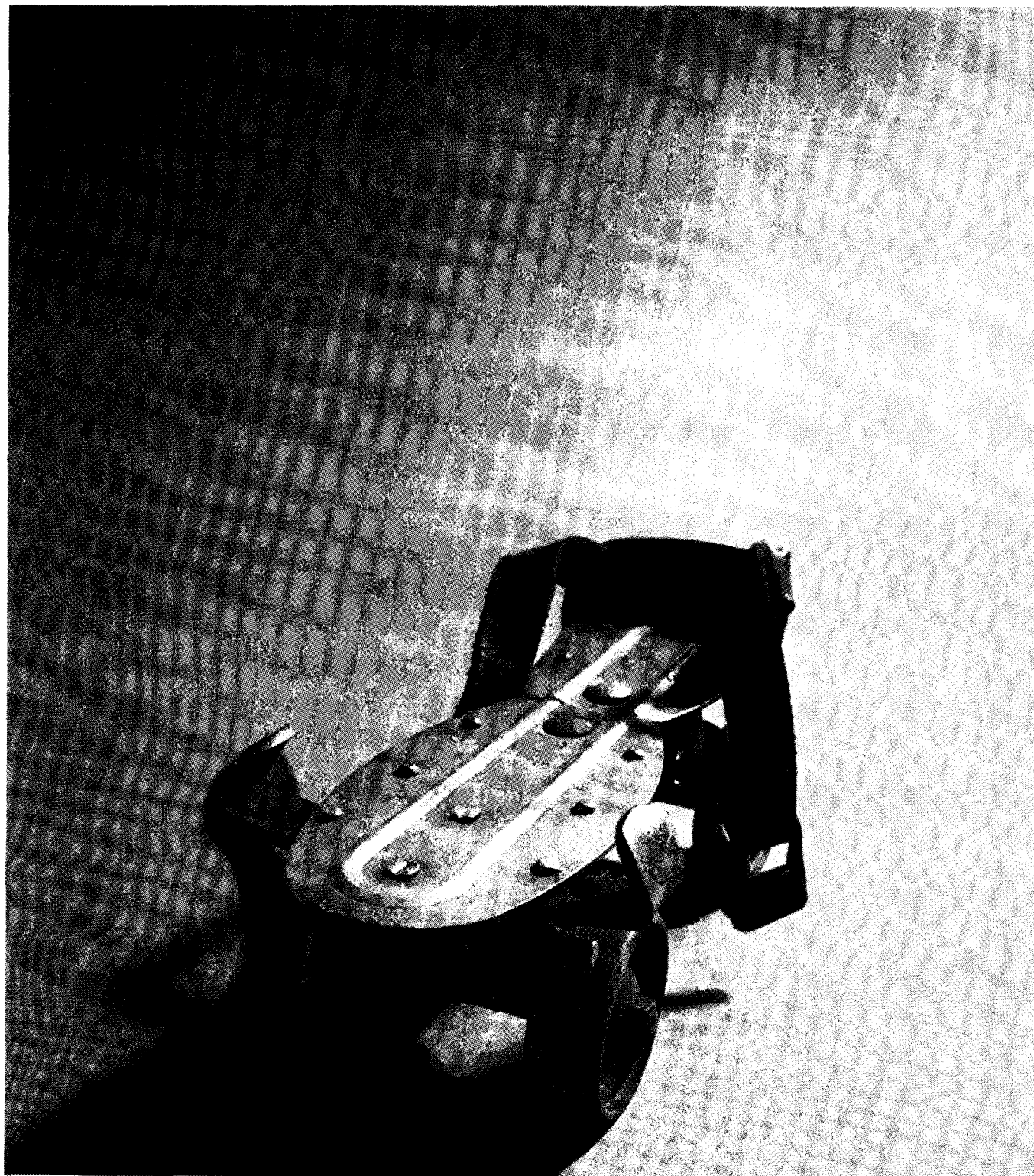
- N. Certifies
84 54 157 174 63 140 76
- O. An American poet who wrote *The Man with the Hoe*
19 21 34 47 50 97 83
- P. An American lawyer (1834-1928)
102 56 90 64 113
- Q. Entered upon an office or dignity
109 44 147 58 131 79 184
- R. An American author and poet (1852-1933)
186 182 80 49 11 85 160
- S. Large and graceful shade trees
133 20 117 150
- T. The Gospels, Epistles, etc., collectively
146 28 72 87 121 124 135 167 183 187
2 3
- U. A famous Indian girl
57 107 37 51 68 112 101 120 126 132
- V. A hard, bluish-white or grayish-white metallic element of the platinum group
104 156 127 22 91 166
- W. The houbara
111 15 105 128 142 164 33 136 103 31
41 71 123
- X. To beat off, as the kernels of grain
138 88 191 86 163 115

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 48 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram





MW-935

Kennametal wheels would never wear down.

Your children would outgrow roller-skating before Kennametal wheels wore down. Kennametal hard carbide alloys wear up to 100 times longer than steel. They can be formulated to resist any abrasive action you can name.

That's why Kennametal has been used for everything from bushings to valve parts. Used

everywhere there's a problem with abrasion, corrosion-wear, rigidity, temperature extremes, and even where great mass is required in a very small space.

Nobody's asked us to turn out wheels for roller-skates yet. Chances are you won't either. But if you do have a design problem in which wear is a factor, let us help you solve it. Start by writing for

our booklet "Designing with Kennametal." It's full of ideas that could get you rolling. Our address is Kennametal Inc., Latrobe, Pa. 15650. Outline your problem if you wish, or call about it. 412-537-3311.



The properties of our materials are also listed in SWEET'S DESIGN NEWS ANNUAL and MATERIALS ENGINEERING Materials Selector Issues



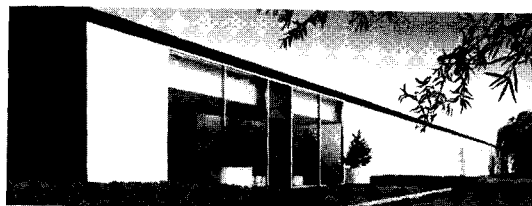
**Callaway towels by Milliken...
couturier fashions for your bath.**

It's a major event of every home fashion season...the introduction of the new styles in Callaway towels by Milliken. Watch for them. They set trends. Their imaginative patterns and color innovations have been winning design awards for years.

The beauty of these towels stems from Milliken research. From design inspiration found in remote corners of the globe...laboratory breakthroughs in the chemistry of color...new techniques that make terry richer, more absorbent.

Every Milliken product—for home furnishings, fashion and industry—is the result of meticulous research. Understandably, since Milliken has the world's largest textile research and development organization.

If it's in the future of textiles, chances are it will come from Milliken.



Over 500 patents attest to the productivity of research conducted here at the Deering Milliken Research Center, Spartanburg, S.C.